# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE LAST DANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GILBERT GLENALAN.

Pianist, let thy fingers sweep
Across thy Steinway's ivory keys.
Violinist, let thy viol awake
Its most delicious harmonies;
Let every chord conjure for me
The fleeting nymph Terpsichore.

Now o'er my forehead creeps the fringe
Of chestnut brown and silken hair;
Her rounded cheek doth wear a tinge,
Which makes her doubly fair.
Her eyes 'most dim the waxen light
Which sheds its splendor o'er the night.

My daring arm around her waist—
That narrow, silken-girded zone—
Its loving guardianship has placed;
Her hand lies clasped within my own.
The music swells—we move—we move
On the rapturous wave of sound and love.

As the sound doth guide the willing feet,
And she lends to strength her gentle grace,
I can feel on my own the steady beat
Of a heart as pure as her angel face.

Clasp once for all that swelling form,
Sweep with thy lip the blushing cheek,
Mingle with her's thy breath so warm,
And let thine eyes their story speak.
Fate swells with flood and ebbs with tide,
The morrow will see her another's bride.

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE.

There was one thing in Southern hospitality I liked—the sense of freedom and home-feeling imparted to the guest. You could go when you liked, come when you pleased, retire when it suited you, and get up when you chose. The master said to you, in effect:

"You must forget to be a stranger, and believe yourself one of the family. All things are at your command. My servants will wait on you. I have horses in the stable, dogs in the kennel, and fire-arms in the shooting-gallery. There are billiards, ten-pins, quoits, cards, chess, backgammon—choose your favorite sport and a good antagonist. Even I will do myself the honor to contend with you if you can find no other adversary. Order your meals to suit your pleasure, and don't let my lazy butler forget that I have some very excellent old wine in the cellar. To see you feel at home will make me happy."

Such at least was my experience in the region of Louisiana where I was now located.

The direct family of Mr. La Grange consisted of himself, wife, son and a maiden sister. Mrs. La Grange was a pale, delicate, retiring lady, who showed herself in company only when absolutely necessary, and never had much to say at any time. I think she loved her husband and son as much as it was in her nature to love any human being, and next to them her poodle. Miss La Grange, the maiden sister, was tall, thin, old and scrawny, with squint eyes and gray curls. She doted on novels, affected juvenility, and believed she would yet be the heroine of a happy romance. She had a good voice, was a fine musician, and used to play the piano, harp and guitar alternately by the hour.

The La Grange mansion was large and roomy; and all of it was comfortably, and some portions of it elegantly, furnished. In a building standing a little back, though connected with it by a covered walk, was a billiard-room, bowling-alley and shooting-gallery. Every thing was planned for pleasant amusement; and, except when we had company, Ernest and I had pretty much the whole range to ourselves—the father being a very quiet man, fond of his books, and seldom coming near us. My friend and I were much away together on different invitations, generally got to bed late, and often rose the next day, or rather the same day, with the sun passed meridian.

"Heigh-ho! another call on our good-nature!" yawned Ernest, as we met to break our fast in company about two o'clock in the afternoon of a warm, lazy day.

"There seems to be no end to such calls in this region," said I. "Where is it now?"

"At Captain Sebastian's."

"When?"

"Next week."

"What is it?"

"A social gathering—a party, I suppose—with cards for those who like a quiet game, and a dance for such as prefer the light, fantastic toe."

"I am fond of a social game of cards," I replied; "but as I am opposed to playing for money, I am obliged to amuse myself in some other way. That is the worst feature of your social sports here, Ernest," I continued; "you all bet, even to the ladies."

"Yes, it is the custom of the country," returned my friend; "though our bets are frequently only nominal sums—just sufficient to excite a little interest in the game. It is so stupid to play with nothing at stake!"

"But do you not think the custom itself is a wrong one? that the social game, thus begun, leads directly to gambling on a larger scale?"

"It doubtless has that effect on some," said Ernest, with a yawn. "But what of that? Most of the planters in this vicinity have more money and time than they know what to do with; and if they get rid of a portion of one while killing the other, I see no great harm in it. And then, what one loses another gains, and in the end probably the two about balance each other."

"Perhaps so while they play at home; but how is it when they go abroad and fall among gamblers and sharpers?"

"Oh, they must look out for that!" replied Ernest, with an indifferent shrug of his shoulders. "I see no reason why a social pleasure should be lost for fear some one may abuse it. Besides, does it follow, because a man plays for a small stake at home, that he will suffer himself to be ruined by sharpers abroad? Who are the victims of the gambler? My experience of life at the North leads me to believe they are quite as often men who are not in the habit of playing for money as those who are. But, come! who are you going to take to this party? for of course you must escort a lady. Heavens! how you are blushing, Leslie! You have some one in view, I see! Have you then lost your heart among us after all? That is glorious, my dear fellow! Who is she?"

"Well, you take a surmise and jump to a conclusion about as quick as anybody I know of!" returned I, feeling that my heated face was telling the tale against me in spite of myself.

I had not yet made Ernest my confidant; and, until my conversation with Caleb Stebbins, did not dream that any one had any suspicion of the truth.

"Ah, you are caught!" laughed Ernest: "I can see it. Come! who is she?"

"If you are so penetrating, why not guess the rest?" said I.

"So I will. Now hold on! let me see! I must think back. Plague on it! you have been with so many young ladies, and talked, romped and flirted with so many, that I find it more difficult than I first supposed. Let me see though!" he continued, fixing his bright, merry eyes on me, to watch every shade of my countenance. "There is Lucy Templeton? No, it is not her—her name does not excite an emotion. Poor Lucy! Ellen Sappice? No, wrong again. Marie Duponcier? No, not right yet. Clemence Duval? No! Now hold on! I am working round to the fortunate being—angel I should say—for of course she is an angel to you. Lucille St. Albans? Sabina Orlando? Flora Sebastian? No, no, no—still wrong. Confound it, man! is she of American, Spanish, or French descent? You are bound to tell me that, you know!"

"I believe I have not admitted that she is of either," said I. "Why not suppose her a creature of your imagination only?"

"Because no creature of my imagination could possibly paint your face of that fiery hue."

My friend now ran over some half-a-dozen more names, watching me closely all the while.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, pettishly; "I am running ashore, and am more puzzled than ever. I have named over about all I can think of, except Cora Brandon, and——Ha! I have hit you at last, have I? Oho! jumps the cat that way? Bless my soul! pretty little, dear little, Cora Brandon, eh? Well! well! well! who would have thought it? And such deceivers you are too—so sly! Why, 'pon my honor, I thought you could scarcely bear the sight of each other—for you always seemed glad to separate when together, and I never heard either of you speak ten words to the other. Ah! wonders will never cease!"

"Not as you make them out!" said I. "Have I said I cared any more for Cora Brandon than for any other young lady in her teens!"

"Yes, you are saying so now—with your whole glowing face, if not with your tongue. Ah! the dear little angel! who would have thought of her hooking you clear through the gills at once? I must tell this to Alice!"

"Suppose you put it in the papers at once, and contradict it the next issue afterward!" returned I, affecting a careless laugh.

"Come, Leslie, none of that now, with your old friend! Own up, man—own up, and make a clean breast of it! You know I have long made you my confidant, and I certainly deserve something in return."

"So you do, Ernest!" rejoined I, frankly; "and for fear you will make matters all the worse if I try to blind you, I will confess that I fear she has bewitched me."

"Bravo!" cried my friend, clapping his hands: "brave, for our dear, little, blue-eyed, darling Cora! Does she know of her conquest?"

"No, nor no one else, Ernest—though the shrewd Yankee rather suspects it, and has told me as much—and so, on your life, my friend, do not betray my secret to a living soul!"

"Well, since you have been frank with me, fear nothing."

"I own I am caught," I pursued; "though I had nothing to do in the matter, and neither had she. It was a look and a blush, that is all—a case of love at first sight—and so embarrassing, that I have acted the fool whenever I have met her. I have tried to talk to her, and got choked for my pains; and if she don't think me egregriously stupid, she must be either very unobservant or else very charitable."

"This is too good!" laughed my friend, "and you must let me tell Alice!"

"Oh, no—not yet, at least!" cried I: "it is enough to have one to laugh at me at present. Now tell me, Ernest, candidly—what do you think of the matter?"

"In what way?"

"What would her father say?"

"Colonel Brandon would say—if he should happen to think to quote Scripture, that is—Well done, thou good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of my family!"

"You think he would not object to me then?"

"I am sure of it—why should he?"

"He is wealthy!"

"And so are you."

"Perhaps not. My father is, as you know, connected with a large commercial house; but I am not prepared to say that, in respect to wealth, he is anything like the equal of Colonel Brandon."

"No matter: you are a gentleman, and the deliverer of his eldest daughter."

"I would not like to draw on his gratitude: I am too proud for that."

"Never mind, Leslie—I will answer for him. If you can succeed in winning the heart of Cora, I will answer for all the rest."

"If it be not already won, I do not want it, Ernest!"

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"This—neither more nor less: I acknowledge I fell in love with her at first sight; but if the passion be not mutual, I would not attempt to make it so."

"Why, this is rather strange!" said Ernest, in a tone of surprise. "Do you intend to say, that if the girl be not already in love with you, whom she has hardly seen near enough to know how you look, that you will make no attempt to win her affections?"

"That is pretty much what I mean, Ernest."

"And do you suppose any girl of sixteen knows her own heart?"

"Perhaps not; but I have my peculiar views about reciprocity of affection."

"Peculiar indeed," said Ernest, "if you expect a maiden to fall in love with you the moment she puts eyes on you!"

"I ask no more than I give."

"But I fear you ask more than you will get."

"Then I must remain as I am."

"Are you fixed in this peculiar whim? for I can call it nothing less."

"Unalterably."

"Then write yourself down an old bachelor that is to be!"

"Better that than a regretful Benedict, Ernest!"

"But seriously—what has put such a queer notion into your head?"

"I have always had it since I can remember."

"And do you really suppose any young lady, of that refined delicacy of sentiment and action which we most admire in woman, is going to tell you, plump out and point blank, that she is in love with you, even if true? and that she pitched in all over the very first instant her eyes lighted on your most noble face and commanding form? Pshaw! Leslie—pshaw!"

"I would hardly expect her to tell me before being asked," I replied; "and even then she might be tempted to keep the truth back, for fear of being misunderstood; but the fact itself would have to be there as a foundation, or I should build no castles."

"But suppose, my dear fellow, in making your inquiries into this matter, you should happen to discover that the lady was now in love with you, but had not been so from the very first? How then? Would you accept the love as found? or reject it because it did not spring into being earlier?"

"My dear sir, you must bear in mind that your question can only refer to the lady with whom I had myself fallen in love at first sight; and I think, in that case, if I discovered she loved me on my first asking the question, I should be vain enough to believe she never could have helped it, from 'the very first instant her eyes lighted on my most noble face and commanding form.'"

"Well, a truce to this discussion! I only hope you will find little Cora all you desire; and that we shall get you so entangled round here, in a silken net, that you will never be able to escape from us! We will finish our breakfast; and then, if you like, a dash over to Colonel Brandon's, to secure our partners for to-morrow night."

"Ernest, my dear fellow, you must not laugh at me! and mind you say nothing to Alice, or any one else, about this affair! Just watch Cora, and tell me what you think. If she makes as big a fool of herself as I shall, it will be proof conclusive that I am destined to be a happy man!"

"So that is the effect of bringing two fools together, is it?" laughed Ernest. "Well, well—I only hope you will be righteously mated at last!"

The distance between the dwellings of La Grange and Brandon was about three miles, along a smooth, level road, through two or three narrow belts of woods, and past great fields of cotton, now white as banks of snow, and in which some hundreds of negroes of both sexes were at work, under charge of a few white overseers with black assistants. It was a pleasant ride, and there was much that was beautiful and picturesque to arrest and fix the attention of one not occupied with such weighty matters as myself; but I saw little of what was around me, and saw that little in an abstracted sort of way; for I was thinking of Cora Brandon, and wondering if I should be able to approach and solicit her company for the following night without acting like a bashful blockhead. Pshaw! Why, in the name of good common sense, could I not treat her with the same polite and dignified ease as her sister? who was quite as beautiful, and seemingly far less approachable. Cora was a sweet little girl, nothing more—at least in the terrifying way—but I was already trembling as if I were advancing upon a battery. A battery, do I say? Faith! I would like to see the battery that could affect my nerves one-half as much as she did!

As we came suddenly upon the house, through a fine grove of trees, I beheld Cora playing with a large New Foundland dog upon the verandah, and heard her talking and laughing gaily, addressing her remarks in part to the brute and in part to Peter Reichstadt, who stood leaning against the railing, quietly smoking his pipe. As she caught sight of me, she suddenly disappeared into the house, while both the Dutchman and the dog came forward to greet me.

"Well, Peter, how goes it?" said I, as I gave his hard, honest hand a hearty shake.

"Pooty good, I dinks: how it was all along mit yourself already?"

"I see the Colonel has not consented to spare you yet!"

"Vell, yaw, he keeps say sday; but I dinks it was time I begins for go look around already—yaw!"

"Do you think of leaving then soon?"

"I dinks yes."

"I shall certainly be sorry, for one, to lose sight of you. Will your friend, Caleb Stebbins, go with you?"

"I dinks yes—may be so."

"Where is he now?"

"Here I be, Doctor—how d'ye du?" said that worthy individual himself, issuing from a kind of shed near which I had stopped my horse. "Going to have a little confab with her?" jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the house, and giving me a knowing wink. "Queer critter, I snum! skittish as a two-year old when you're around. I've been plaguing her 'bout you, and got her as mad and sassy's all git out—though she liked it, I tell you, for all that!"

"How do you know she liked it?" laughed Ernest, while I was wishing I had the power to choke the meddlesome Yankee for about five minutes.

"Hallo, Mr. La Grange! how d'ye du! glad to see ye! How'd I know it? 'Cause she all the time kept telling me to stop, and mind my own business, and not make a fool of myself."

"She certainly set you a pretty hard task!" said I, rallying with a laugh.

"You are a sharp reader of human nature, Mr. Stebbins!" said Ernest, greatly amused.

"Yes, wal, I calculate I know so'thing about it. I didn't peddle tin three year for nothing, I tell you!"

"Have you managed to find the lady you were looking for the other day?" inquired I; "that sweet, interesting creature, who must be blessed with two qualifications—plenty of money, and a liking for a certain Down East Stebbins!"

"Wal, maybe not; but I'll get ahead of you, for all that, if you don't buck up a little faster."

"You are ahead of me now in impudence!" said I, a good deal vexed in spite of myself.

Throwing my bridle to a servant, I dismounted and hurried into the dwelling. It was a good thing for me I had got vexed—for I no longer feared to meet Cora, or any one else. I encountered Alice, who greeted me most warmly; but after an interchange of a few words, I went directly to the point.

"Where is your sister Cora?"

"She was here a minute ago," replied Alice. And then to a servant: "Hannah, go and call Miss Cora, and tell her Doctor Walbridge desires to see her!"

In a minute the black girl returned, and said:

"Miss Cora say she am sick wid a dreffal headache."

"So is Pompey, the dog she was playing with as I rode up: tell her I said so; and that if she be not better shortly, and able to come to me, I, as a physician, will have to go to her, and perhaps prescribe something she will not like!"

It was wonderful how my courage had come up within the last five minutes. I could hardly credit the fact myself.

Hannah came back the second time, grinning prodigiously, and brought the message, that Miss Cora would make her appearance in a very short time.

The very short time, however, proved to be nearly half an hour; and I was beginning to lose my patience, when she glided timidly into the room, evidently laboring under a painful embarrassment. I was alone—for I had requested to be so—and Alice was conversing with her lover on the verandah. I advanced to meet the blushing girl, with all the resolution I could muster, and said quickly, for fear I should otherwise not be able to say it at all:

"Pardon me, Miss Cora, for my persisting to see you to-day! but I have come to ask a great favor. There is to be a party, at Captain Sebastian's, next week, and I beg to know if you will honor me with your company? Now do not say no, or you will deprive me of the pleasure of going—for I have resolved not to go unless I can escort a lady, and I will escort no lady except yourself! There, brief though it be, I believe this is the only sensible speech I ever made to you in my life!"

"I am much obliged to you!" said Cora, in a timid, hesitating manner, as I stood waiting her reply; but whether obliged for the invitation, or the speech, I was not so sure.

"You will go then?" I ventured.

"I think so."

"Bravo!" said I to myself; "bravo, Leslie Walbridge, M. D.! you are coming on bravely!"

And I continued to come on bravely, all things considered; and before I left that evening, Cora and I were able to talk to each other quite rationally. A wonderful feat, was it not? I thought so then.

I rode back with Ernest, with a light heart, and we even jested on our relationship that was to be.

Ah! could we have lifted the vail of the future!

### CHAPTER X.

A TRAGEDY.

The mansion of Captain Sebastian was ablaze with lights, and well-filled with guests, who had come from miles around—gallant gentlemen and ladies fair—Southern chivalry and beauty—with servants at every turn. There were many present whom I had met before, and a few among the gentlemen whom I now beheld for the first time. The host and hostess and their beautiful daughter were all smiles and suavity.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the Captain, as he shook my hand warmly, "I am glad to see you here to-night—glad to see you always; and yet I never do see you, but I remember, with a shudder, how near I came to having your blood on my soul! I was so rash then, that, as a sort of atonement, I fear I have been over-prudent ever since."

"You must forget it, Captain, as I have."

"You are very kind to forget it, Doctor."

"I never remember anything against a gentleman after an honorable apology."

"By the way, I believe the villains may thank my sad mistake that day for getting off scot free—but let them beware of rousing the lion again! It is my opinion, however, that they have left this part of the country—for the present at least."

"I suppose no one has been able to conjecture what they intended to do with Miss Brandon?" said I.

"No, I believe it is as much of a mystery as ever. I am inclined to think, though, the capture was made partly to revenge them on her father, as the commander of the Regulators, and with the view of holding her at a high ransom, knowing his great wealth."

"He is very wealthy then?"

"A perfect Croesus."

Would this great wealth ever be a bar to my happiness? I mused.

Mrs. Sebastian—or la Senora, as she was more generally termed—was a Spanish lady, with black eyes and raven hair, who had been a belle in her youth, and still retained many traces of beauty. To those who could converse with her in Spanish, and there were several such present, she made herself very agreeable and sociable; but she spoke English so imperfectly, and with so much difficulty, that she avoided using it as much as possible.

"I much please see Senor," was her friendly salutation, as she offered me her hand. "Me no good speak Englees, so can't tell no'ting."

Miss Flora Sebastian resembled her mother, but I think she was more beautiful than her mother ever was. She had something of her father's look, too, about the mouth and chin. She was a brunette—I might also say a very dark brunette—but her skin was as clear as alabaster, and at times softly tinted with the rich blood that flowed beneath. Her forehead was high and broad and her face oval. Her eyes were dark and lustrous, and so shaded by long, drooping lashes as to give them at will a very soft and languishing look, very dangerous to certain hearts. And yet there was a something in those soft eyes and that pretty face—seen only when the owner was evidently not on her guard—that produced an unpleasant impression, and led you to wonder if the heart was as single as you had supposed. She was indeed a creature of strong, fiery passions; but, through her almost indomitable will, she kept them so under control that they were rarely perceived by the casual observer. I had met her several times before; and though at first only struck with her beauty, I

had come to regard her as a character worth studying; and the more I saw of her the more I was puzzled, and, truth to say, the less I was pleased. The impression gained and strengthened that there was something sinister in her nature. And yet there were times when she seemed so gay and merry that I was almost led to believe I had previously mistaken some amiable mood for a bad heart. She was well calculated to prove very attractive to the sterner sex, for she had a beautiful form as well as face, was just in the full bloom of sweet, romantic seventeen, and understood, as if by instinct, all the most bewitching arts of woman—arts that were in fact so concealed by art as to appear but as the simple acts of an unsophisticated, girlish nature. Among other discoveries which I made soon after I began my study of this girl, was the fact that she had conceived a violent passion for my friend, Ernest La Grange, and that she hated Alice Brandon, as her successful rival, most intensely. And yet who but myself believed a word of this! for all was so artfully veiled, that no one perceived it, not even the lovers themselves. I mentioned it in confidence to Ernest, and he laughed at me; and in a conversation with Alice about the same time, she assured me that Flora Sebastian was one of her warmest friends.

Was I mistaken? If so, well.

Flora Sebastian could talk English if her mother could not, and she came up to me that evening with one of her warmest greetings and sweetest smiles; and as we soon fell into an animated conversation, probably no one to have seen us would have fancied that we were both playing a part.

"Ah, Doctor," with a sweet sigh, and one of her most soft, bewitching looks, "now tell me what you think of our Southern ladies by this time?"

"That none are more beautiful than are here to-night."

"Nay, I mean how they will compare with your Northern belles?"

"As a halo to a shadow."

"Traitor!"

"How? because I utter truth?"

"Because, even if truth, you should be the last to speak it!"

"Would you then have me falsify?"

"You should proclaim your native clime before all."

"Then withdraw me from such dazzling attractions, and let me have a sober light to reflect in."

"Your dazzling attractions fill but a very small space."

"What kind of space?"

"Human space."

"You are aware then how deeply I am in love with your beauty?"

"Oh, yes, to a fraction; and I know you must be aware just to what extent I am aware of just such a thing. How dear little Cora blushed to-night, when I asked her if you made love to her on the way; and, dear me, how you are blushing now! Tell me—all in confidence, you know, Doctor Walbridge—when is the double wedding coming off?"

"I do not understand you."

"Beware, sir! you do!"

"Nay, now you give me too much credit for penetration."

She fixed her dark eyes on me, and once or twice a strange, curious light came into them, as if against her will, as a certain name floated through her mind and was almost thrown off from her tongue. At length, as if she feared I should guess her secret, she turned her head aside; and while pretending to be wholly occupied with the clasp of her diamond bracelet, she said, in as careless a tone as it was possible for her to assume under the circumstances:

"I expected to have heard of Ernest La Grange's marriage before this."

"Is he then going to be married?" said I, with an air of simplicity.

She looked up quickly, and fixed her eyes on me, with a keen, searching gaze; and then, as if suddenly remembering herself, burst into a merry laugh, and exclaimed:

"What an innocent, artless, unsophisticated young man! Why, do you pretend to tell me, that you, who are his bosom friend and confidant, do not know that he is engaged to Alice Brandon?"

"I confess!" said I, thinking it might be as well for her to have her hope, however faint, destroyed by the truth; "I believe you are right; I have no doubt that they intend to unite their fortunes sooner or later; but this is confidentially between ourselves, to go no further."

"Oh, never fear that I shall prove a town crier!" she rejoined, with what was intended to appear as the careless laugh of indifference, though I could see that she felt chagrined in her very soul. "When is it to be?"

"Nay, that I do not know."

"Perhaps they will wait for you?"

"Who can say!"

At this moment a stranger to me sauntered up to us, and, much to my relief, I saw our *tête-à-tête* was at an end.

"Doctor Walbridge," said Miss Sebastian, "allow me the pleasure of making known to you a friend of my father—the Senor Don Diego Gomez de Calantra y Sombrea."

I bowed stiffly and coldly, and so did Don Diego. I think the first searching glance of either must have convinced him that in the other he beheld, if not his foe, at least one he could never hope, never wish, to call his friend. Between certain animals there is a natural antipathy, and sometimes I am inclined to believe we find it between human beings.

Don Diego was a tall, slender, swarthy man of thirty, with a countenance I did not like. The face was thin, with hollow cheeks and temples, and black, piercing eyes, set near together and under shaggy brows. The nose was long and pointed, and the lower part of the face concealed by a black, heavy beard. The look was sharp and heartless, and the whole expression sinister. If not intended for a villain, nature had belied him.

So, he was a *friend* of Captain Sebastian, eh? Some Spanish relation or acquaintance, probably, whom the daughter had so designated, in the careless, thoughtless manner we often use the term.

A few common-place words passed between us, as a mere matter of formal politeness; but we entered into no regular conversation, and soon separated, each knowing where to look for an antagonist in case he should be disposed to quarrel.

An hour later I saw Don Diego, with a couple of swarthy fellows beside him, who looked villainous enough to be his friends, playing cards with a couple of rich young planters. I drew near enough, and looked at the contest long enough, to satisfy myself that the unsuspecting planters were the victims of designing gamblers and sharpers, if nothing worse. I was tempted to warn them, at the risk of insulting our host; but fearing I should be taking too much upon myself as a stranger, I walked away and left them for the time.

Captain Sebastian and his family seemed to be very well calculated to entertain a large company in the most agreeable manner, by doing what hosts always should do, providing sufficient amusements for their guests. Nothing, that falls short of disgust, is more tedious and wearisome, than for a miscellaneous party of ladies and gentlemen, in the absence of all kinds of amusement, to be left to the impossible task of pleasing and delighting one another with such little silly nothings as the circumstances force from them. Strangers are often brought together, who have no congeniality and nothing in common; and having, in a bold, dashing attempt at sociability, exhausted the much abused topic of the weather—and perhaps, if in extra luck, the last sad accident, or horrid murder—they are obliged to go back into themselves, like turtles into their shells, and look, and simper, and yawn, and wish themselves anywhere else and in any other company in the world. For Heaven's sake, reader, when you act the host or hostess to an invited company, give your guests something to do, if it be only to jump over a rope and guess a dozen stale conundrums.

There was no lack of amusements at the mansion of Captain Sebastian on the night of which I speak. There was a hall for dancing, a drawing-room for singing or flirtation, a card-room, a billiard-room, and pleasant walks for a promenade; and the company, taken collectively, seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly, especially after the wine had begun to circulate pretty freely. As for myself, I was here, there and yonder—sometimes dancing—sometimes listening to sweet music—sometimes (shall I confess it?) chatting with the beauties of the hour, and anon trying my hand at billiards and my luck at cards.

Of Cora Brandon I saw little that evening. It was not the wish of either of us to excite comment by being seen much together, and so perhaps we went to the other extreme. I danced with her once—as I also did with her sister Alice, and Miss Sebastian—but after that we never met to exchange a word till a late hour. Once I saw her on the floor with Don Diego, and the fact excited such strange, wild emotions, that I immediately left the hall, for fear I might say or do something to attract attention to myself. The Spanish sharper, as I had already mentally named him, had found time to leave his cheating craft and exercise his limbs with innocence and beauty. It was the loathsome vulture dancing with the dove.

In passing through one of the rooms soon after, I met one of the young planters who had been playing with Don Diego and his cut-throat friends. His name was Edward Mason, and he had lately come into possession of a large estate, left him by a maternal uncle, who had been as a father to him. He was a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, and generally wore an air of smiling benevolence. Now he was very pale, and I observed that his lips were compressed, as if with some mental resolve. We had met on two or three previous occasions, and I had been introduced to him by Ernest La Grange.

He greeted me with a bow and a smile and a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Ah, Doctor," he said, "how is it I find you wandering about alone with so much beauty near you?"

"How would it do for me to reply by asking you the same question?" returned I.

"Oh, but I make no pretensions to gallantry."

"And do I?"

"You are evidently more fond of a flirting belle than I am. I confess I prefer a game of cards to the chit-chatty nothings one is doomed to hear in the drawing-room."

"I like cards myself, but I am opposed to playing for money."

"Bah! without a stake the game is stupid! I could not get up interest enough to care whether I won or lost."

"You had interest enough to-night then, I think."

"What do you mean?"

"You bet heavily, did you not?"

"So-so."

"And lost?"

"Yes."

"I am not surprised at that."

"Why? do you think I am not skillful at the game?"

"I believe you play an *honest* game."

"Ha! you think then my Spanish opponents were not honest?"

"It would be a bold thing in me to say so; but, if you play again, you would do well to have them watched."

"Thank you, Doctor! I have had my suspicions, and your words confirm them. *If* I play again? Why, I am just now on my way to find Don Diego and challenge him to another contest. Will you stand by me? Will you do me the favor to watch, and if possible detect, the fellow in his cheating?"

"To oblige you I will. How will you play?"

"I will try him single-handed at the single game of euchre."

"He may not have enough interest in that game to cheat."

"I will make him have interest enough then. I will play him for from one thousand to ten thousand dollars. He cannot very well refuse me, since he is already over ten thousand dollars the winner."

"Indeed! so much?" exclaimed I. "Well, Mr. Mason, though I do not believe in gaming at all, I will, since you are resolved to seek your revenge, do my best to see you have fair play."

"That is all I ask, Doctor Walbridge. If any man can win my money fairly, he is welcome to it; but the first scoundrel I catch at cheating, let him look out for the consequences! Who is this Don Diego? and where does he come from? Of course he and his companions are friends of our host and his family; but I have seen no one else who knows them; and, between you and me, neither one of them has got a face I should fall in love with."

"Did Beranger lose as much as you to-night?" I inquired, naming the other gentleman I had seen playing with the sharpers.

"No, he only lost a few hundreds, and withdrew from the contest," replied Mason. "Like a fool I continued to play with the three Spaniards, till I found myself eleven thousand six hundred dollars loser, and then I acknowledged myself beaten, and went out to take a walk in the open air and indulge in a little sober reflection. That reflection brought me to the conclusion that my opponents either had a most extraordinary run of good luck, or else that they had been using unfair means; and I was on my way back to challenge this Don Diego to a single-handed contest at a different game, when I so fortunately met with you. Now do you go into the card-room, and I will bring my Spanish gentleman quietly in to a quiet game."

"You will find him among the dancers," said I, as we separated.

I repaired to the card-room, where several gentlemen were playing, and took a seat near a vacant table. In a few minutes Mason and the Spaniard came quietly in, arm-in-arm, and sat down to what I knew was going to be an important, if not a desperate, contest.

"Euchre is a game I am not much acquainted with," said Don Diego, with a kind of devilish smile and in a foreign accent; "but of course, after what I was so fortunate as to win to-night, I am in honor bound to give you a chance at satisfaction at any game you choose, whether I understand it or not."

This was said with apparent friendly politeness; but there was a covert sting in the words, which the sensitive Mason felt to the quick. His face flushed, and there was a peculiar light in his eyes, as he said, with slightly compressed lips, looking steadily at the other, and modulating his voice by a strong effort of the will:

"Nay, sir, if you think for a moment I wish to take any advantage of your *ignorance*, you have entirely mistaken my character. I had merely assumed that a person who can play so *well* as yourself at the *gambling* game of brag, would be perfectly *au fait* of one so universal among us as euchre; but if you will give me your word of honor that you think me your *superior* at it, I will consent to change it for any game you can play."

There was, I was happy to see, quite as much sting in the words of Mason as in those of the Spaniard; and now the swarthy features of the latter reddened in turn, and his black, snakey eyes gathered a cold, deadly light, as he rejoined, in a pointed manner:

"You are a very obliging gentleman, sir; but just at present I am not exactly disposed to admit that you are my *superior* in any thing. We will go on with the game of euchre. How many points shall we say? and how much a side?"

"Five points, and a thousand dollars to begin with," returned Mason.

The money was immediately staked, and the game commenced. I was now the only spectator—the other gentlemen in the room being interested in the games at the other tables.

My friend won the first game: also the second, third, fourth, fifth. Don Diego seemed to get vexed.

"This is too slow!" he said. "Suppose we make it five thousand a side?"

"As you please!" returned Mason.

I drew nearer and took such a position that I could watch the Spaniard closely. Now would be the time to bring his craft into play—for to fail now must soon leave him a heavy loser. The game proceeded quietly to the close, the Spaniard won, and I detected nothing wrong. The second game for five thousand resulted like the first. Mason was now a loser of five thousand dollars at this last sitting, and over sixteen thousand on the night. He glanced at me and I shook my head. Luck, if not skill, was evidently against him, and I would have counseled him not to play any more. The money I had seen him bet was in thousand-dollar bills, which he had produced in a careless manner; but he now thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth a large pocket-book, which he deliberately opened, and disclosed bills to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is not usual with me to carry so much money on my person, or in fact anything like the amount; but fortunately, or unfortunately, I do not yet know which, I brought this with me to-night for a special purpose—that purpose, by the way, *not* being to bet it on cards. However, that is neither here nor there. I have the money with me, as you see; and I now propose, with your consent, Senor Don Diego, to play you for ten thousand dollars a game, till you either win all, or I at least win back what I have lost."

There was a triumphant gleam in the wicked eyes of the Spaniard as he replied:

"It is my duty and also my pleasure to accede to your wish."

The play began again, and Mason won the first game. I saw that Don Diego looked anxious. Two games won in succession would now put my friend more than three thousand dollars ahead, and would perhaps break the other, for he seemed to make up the second ten thousand with difficulty.

Now then, Don Diego, for all your skill—all your craft!

At the close of the fourth hand, the score stood, Mason four, Don Diego two. It was Mason's deal. He turned an ace and held both bowers. It was a natural point and made him safe. Don Diego passed. Mason discarded, threw down the two bowers, and claimed game.

"Hold!" said the Spaniard; "a misdeal! I have six cards;" and he laid them out on the table.

"Strange!" said Mason; "I am not in the habit of making a misdeal! But no matter—the cards are yours, sir!"

The Spaniard took the deck, and shuffled long and well. He finally dealt, and turned the ace of spades. My friend took up his hand, and found he held the right bower, king and queen of trumps, with ace of hearts and ace of diamonds. Of course he ordered up the trump, feeling certain of his point, and led the ace of hearts to make sure. The Spaniard trumped it with a small card and led the left bower. This was taken by the right, and the ace of diamonds led. Don Diego trumped with another small card, and then won the third trick with the ace of trumps, euchering Mason and adding two to his own score. This of course might be all accidental, but at least I began to feel very much interested, and to have my eyes very sharply on him I believed to be a sharper. Mason dealt again; and the Spaniard, as he picked up his hand, and spread out six cards, remarked:

"Another misdeal, you see!"

"By heavens, I never did that twice in succession before in my life!" exclaimed Mason, excitedly.

Don Diego smiled grimly, took the deck, shuffled and dealt, and finally won the game. As he reached out his hand for the money, I suddenly grasped his arm, and held it as if in a vice.

"Have the kindness to put your hand up this *honest* man's sleeve, Mr. Mason," said I, "and you will find one of the cards that so conveniently drop down for a misdeal."

I had detected the trick just in time to expose the sharper.

Like lightning Mason sprung to his feet, seized the card, drew it forth, and with the back of his other hand struck the Spaniard across the mouth, exclaiming:

"Villain! swindler! cheat!"

The words startled every man in the room to silence, and fixed every eye upon the speaker. With a fierce oath, and the look of a demon, the Spaniard grasped the stakes, bounded up, and glanced quickly and fiercely around him, as if intending sudden flight. In a moment he was surrounded by a dozen excited men, mostly the friends of Mason.

"Scoundrel! down with that money or you shall never quit this house alive!" cried Mason, at the same time fiercely grasping the arm of the Spaniard.

Instantly Don Diego threw off the hold of the other, thrust his hand, with the money in it, into his bosom, whipped out a glittering stiletto, and struck.

The next moment the Spaniard had burst through the gathering crowd and was making good his escape, and Mason was sinking back in my arms, with the fearful exclamation:

"Oh, my God! I am killed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1867.


## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

## A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

## DELAYS.

We must beg our subscribers who send on their money through January, to pardon some little delay in the reception of their papers.

Our readers when they send on a club, generally wish each person's name entered on our books—and very generally the clubs are composed in part of subscribers to the Lady's Friend. This necessitates a great deal of labor, and though we engage extra help at this season of the year we find great difficulty in keeping up with our letters.

As soon as the January pressure is over, we shall again be able to send off the paper the same day the order for it is received.

If our subscribers whose subscriptions commence on the first of the year, were able to renew about the middle of December, it would save themselves and us considerable inconveniences.

## THE MAP OF THE WORLD.

The geographical student of twenty years ago, who has since reposed in confident assurance that "he knows the world," is apt to be astonished on referring again to the atlas, by the remarkable changes displayed there. He need not, in fact, go beyond the limits of our own country to find ample matter for surprise. Then the map of the United States displayed, as now, thickly settled and prosperous states on the Atlantic border, the marks of population gradually thinning out as they ran backward towards the Mississippi; while west of that river to the Pacific, stretched a few uninhabited territories, their lines illy defined, their physical features but vaguely comprehended, traversed by great mountain chains of which we knew but a few prominent points, watered by great rivers whose sources and routes were rather guessed at than known, a vast domain as yet the almost undisputed possession of the red man. One insignificant settlement at the mouth of the Columbia marked our hold on the Pacific coast, and but two thinly-settled states had erected the standard of the Republic west of the Mississippi. Texas was just asking for protection against her powerful mother, Mexico, then reaching far north into our present territory. Then a few small villages were just appearing on the map where now great cities rise.

We will close the map of the past and open that of the present. Somehow in these few years the Western territories have grown to double their former numbers, their limits defined, their prominent physical features well known and accurately delineated. The Rocky Mountains have expanded into a wide, vast western rib to our country, adding by many strange features to our sum of natural marvels, presenting, it is said, a cataract surpassing in some respects our hitherto unapproached Niagara, a long series of the loftiest peaks, and valleys and canons of sublime scenery, while its mineral resources bid fair to render insignificant all previous sources of the precious metals.

In this western country numerous youthful states now mark the map. The double advantage of cheap lands and a rich soil has drawn emigration westward, originating the promising communities of Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas. Farther west, the younger settlements of Nebraska and Colorado are presenting themselves for admission into the circle of states, while on the Pacific a new state, Oregon, constitutes a portion of the old territory of that name. Between these appear several wide territories, as Idaho, Washington, Montana, Dakota, each destined to form its cluster of future states. Year by year the black lines of county boundaries and the symbols representing towns are encroaching on the hunting grounds of the Aborigines. Civilization has already laid its hand on the eastern slope of the mountains, and the discovery of gold peopled far west Colorado. Looking southward we find Texas forming one of the bright stars of our flag, while a large slice of old Mexico, now part of the United States, is rapidly developing under the enterprise of our people. The wand of the gold demon has built a magic California on the Pacific; its sister magician, silver, is rapidly peopling Nevada and Arizona; New Mexico is recovering from the torpidity of its former regime, while the difficult task of civilizing the Red man is being to some degree accomplished in the Indian territory. Another fertile land, Utah, has been settled by that strange sect, the Mormons, who, gathering upon the borders of a lake as strange in its physical as they in their moral aspect, have so far been successful in maintaining that policy of exclusion by which alone they could hope to prosper as a distinct community. But the surging tide of civilization is sending its foam across their borders. Ere many years the advancing waters will in all probability sweep every trace of exclusiveness from their land, leaving them only the alternative of yielding their strange customs or of making a further migration to some of the South Sea islands.

Other features mark the map. Far and wide reach the black lines of railroads and telegraphs; unto the Pacific across the great west stretch emigrant and express lines; while signs of growth and progress stud the map from end to end.

But leaving our own vigorous land, we find plentiful marks of change even in the comparatively becalmed countries of the old world. In Europe we see all Italy reunited, Poland swept from the map, Austria denuded, Hungary subdued, Prussia augmented at the expense of German nationalities, and France increased by a species of forcible annexation that took a milder name. In Asia, railroads traverse ancient India, which has become an English province; telegraphs invade frozen Siberia; and the old policy of exclusion in China and Japan is giving way before the advances of the vigorous West.

In Africa the old "Undiscovered Country" is becoming marked out by the discoveries of Anderson, Barth, Speke, Burton, and others; great lakes discovered under the Equator which solve the old mystery of the "Source of the Nile," and, among other remarkable physical features, a cataract which for mingled strangeness and grandeur has no rival in the world.

In the Pacific, that immense wilderness, Australia, has been peopled by the simple whisper of one magic word, "gold," in the crowded States of Europe; while in it have been discovered anomalous physical features and strange animals and plants only matched in other countries by an ancient geologic period.

And finally in the Sandwich Islands, to our fathers an embodiment of savagery, we have embassadors instead of missionaries, while a native queen has lately traversed our land collecting funds to build a Christian church! Verily this is an age of progress.

### Decease of N. P. Willis.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, whose decease is announced, had just completed the 60th year of his age, as Sunday, the day of his death, was the anniversary of his birthday, January 20th, 1807. Mr. Willis was born in the city of Portland, Maine, and was the son and grandson of two publishers, his grandfather having been an apprentice in the same office with Benjamin Franklin. His father was the founder of the Boston Recorder, so that it will be seen that Mr. Willis took to books and newspapers in a very natural way. He was graduated at Yale College at the age of 20, and even before that period he had already begun to contribute verses to newspapers and magazines, and as a part of the exercises of the college societies of which he was a member. His first marked success was the reception of the prize of fifty dollars offered by the publishers of "The Album," an illustrated annual. He was then employed by Mr. S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley). About 1828 he commenced the American Monthly Magazine, which was subsequently merged in the New York Mirror. Soon after this he went to Europe, and from thence sent home his well-known "Pencillings by the Way." After considerable travel he returned and settled near Owego, New York. In 1839 he started a weekly paper named "The Corsair," and then went to England and engaged Mr. Thackeray to write for his new paper. While still in that country, he published his "Letters from Under a Bridge," "Loiterings of Travel," and two dramas, called "Tortesa, the Usurer," and "Bianca Visconti;" the last two being under one cover, with the title, "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband." Upon his return he established, in conjunction with General George P. Morris, a daily paper in New York, known as the Evening Mirror; and having gone abroad a third time, on account of his health, he published a volume of Sketches in London, entitled, "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." His connection with the well-known Home Journal is within every one's recollection. We do not enumerate his occasional verses and poetical pieces, which were very numerous. He was twice married—the first time to an English lady, the daughter of General Stace, and the second time to a daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. After his second marriage, he resided at his well-known residence, Idlewild.

Without entering into any criticism upon the value of the works of Mr. Willis, it may be said that he was one of the most widely known and popular American writers, both in his own country and in Europe.

### Alexander Smith.

Mr. Alexander Smith, well known as author of "A Life Drama" and other poems, died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, on January 5th, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Smith, who was the son of a pattern designer, was born at Kilmarnock, on December 31, 1830, so that he had just entered his 37th year. His first work, "A Life Drama," was written by him while engaged in his father's business, and published in The Critic, in 1853, and afterward, with other poems, in a volume, in 1853. In 1856, he published, in conjunction with Mr. Dobell, "Sonnets on the (Crimean) War," and in 1857, "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira." At a later period he distinguished himself as a prose writer, publishing in 1863, "Dreamthorp," in 1865, "A Summer in Skye," and "Alfred Hagart's Household." He was also a frequent contributor to Good Words and other serials. In 1854 he was appointed to the office of Secretary of the Edinburgh University. He married about ten years ago, and has left a widow and family. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ D. Appleton & Co. are about to issue a work, entitled "Modern Culture," which will be composed of essays, bearing upon educational topics, from the pens of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, and other eminent English writers.

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

INDIRECT ADVANCE—REINFORCEMENTS—SINGULAR FUEL—A MOUNTAIN BANQUET—HIGH LODGINGS—SINGLE FILE—A THRILLING INCIDENT—BRAVE RESCUE.

As our line of march was to be in the direction of Cusco, we should have gone down from Sorato due north, had such a course been practicable. But it was not, unless we were to take an occasional perpendicular downward step of one to five hundred feet. We might have taken one such certainly; but doubting our ability to continue the practice after taking the first false step, the usual zigzag practice of ascent and descent was followed, and by very acute triangulations, traversing some twenty miles of rocky shelf-ledges and inclined planes, the natural inclination of which was generally as inimical to human progress as possible, we managed between breakfast and the hour we had indefinitely fixed for dinner to lower our position in the world at least one mile by having travelled some fifteen.

At this point we formed a junction with our Choulas, peons, pack mules, horses, and a majority of our dogs, who had been despatched from the southern side of the mountain to go around by the east, and rejoin us on the north side as high up as the animals could find secure footing. Our servants had three days previously encountered those of the Eslings, consisting of six fine looking Brazilian *peons*, men, and the wife of one of them, Leotea Dominguez, a very Hebe in bronze, and, as we were not long in learning, by far the neatest, most active and accomplished cook we had ever seen in South America. Her husband, Jaffrino Dominguez, was a handsome, intelligent fellow, steward, major domo and chief of staff for the Eslings, and altogether himself and wife were people of considerable consequence.

Besides the human portion of the Esling household, or perhaps more properly houseless family, there were twelve famous riding horses, four led animals for emergencies, and ten stout sumpter mules, packed with provisions, sketches, and all manner of requisites for campaigning comfort; so that with at least fifteen well-bred dogs, the accession to our party, taken *en masse*, humanity, horses, hamper mules and dogs, was a very respectable one. Our retainers had fraternized from the moment of meeting; Jaffrino Dominguez, and our African giant, *patron* and chief of staff, *Chicko*, having become sworn brothers within an hour after first coming together. The Eslings were as much members of our party from the moment of the proposition to join us as though they had been our *compañeros* during the entire tramp.

Arline Esling won her way to all our hearts before breakfast was ended, dividing the sisterly caresses and attention of our Senoras with the pretty *Bell Bird* that our bug hunter had brought a willing captive from *el Val de Dulce;* and all things taken into consideration, no happier family probably ever congregated in the Andes.

Our people had discovered us on our devious downward way three hours before we reached their level, and jointly set about making preparations for a comfortable reception, so that we found upon arrival a circle of blazing fires built, partly of the strong-growing rock *lichen*, such as the Eslings had kept up their camp fire with, but mainly from a grayish, shelly, slaty stone, of which the middle ledges on all the northern side of the mountain are mostly made up. This shale stone, or more properly sheet bitumen, lies loosely in the ledges, always with an inward dip of about ten or twelve degrees, and from the many fissures there exudes a thick, gummy, dark amber colored liquid, which, *drooling* down the surface, gradually hardens into pear shaped tears, some of them of ten or twelve inches in length and as many pounds in weight. Neither this sheet bitumen, as it lies in the ledge, or the material that it exudes, can be ignited so as to burn to any considerable extent. But both, being removed and laid upon a blaze made by lichen or brush-wood, readily take fire and burn with intense heat, emitting a dense black smoke and a slightly pungent, but by no means unpleasant odor.

Within a circle of such fires our cooks and peon waiters had prepared and laid out for us a repast such as we had not set down to since leaving the valley of the Dulce, nor then or there either, as the Dulceans had the advantage of a variety of fresh meats, fowls, fishes and fruits; whereas our mountain banquet was made up of dried, jerked and corned beef and mutton, Westphalia ham, chicken *chiriqui*, corn cakes, Boston crackers, smoked salmon and *garupas* broiled; dried peas and potatoes stewed, pickled tongue, tripe, preserved fruits, *farina de mandioca*, cocoa, coffee, capital Cheshire cheese, and a black brigade of *vinho de Lisboa* of old and excellent vintage. Altogether, there was such a dinner laid out as few people anywhere have ever sat down to outdoors and so high up above the ordinary haunts of humanity.

We found our dinner so seductive and made ourselves mutually so entertaining, that our dining ran on into the dusk of evening, and so as going down the mountain by night was impracticable, unless by a headlong tumble that would put an end alike to our wanderings and ourselves as well, we decided upon remaining where we were. Accordingly we went into bivouac, with the usual precautions and preparations for outdoor comfort—only as there was no falling frost or humidity in the atmosphere, no tents were pitched. But fuel was collected, fires built up bright, animals fed and picketed, and then there was humor, united hilarity, songs, music of guitars and flutes, merry dancing among our retainers, interesting discussions and social conversation among ourselves until eleven o'clock, when after a light supper of cakes, cheese and dried fruits, with the inevitable coffee, we paired off, so many as were legally licensed to do so, the *solitarios* going simply to their *cuero* beds, Spanish saddle pillows and *poncho* covers, altogether as contented and comfortable a community as ever went to bed outdoors.

In the morning, while waiting the preparation of breakfast, we had leisure to give our attention to objects below us that we had casually noticed the day previously, but had been too much occupied with our dinner and entertained with each other to spare any especial attention to. There was a circular valley nestled close into the northern base of the mountain, and in the centre of the valley a little lake, circular also, its surface shimmering in the bright young sunlight like molten silver. Then in a crescent, on the eastern side of the lake, was a village, the white walls and red roofs of which, gleaming amid green foliage, made with the lakelet circular valley and its surroundings a very pleasing bird's eye picture.

"*Meitin Huappa a Llassi*," Dona Minnie observed, she being our *Quecha* scholar.

"Which signifies what, Senora Cosmo?" the doctor inquired.

"*Happy Sun Valley*."

"Ah—yes; and *Lake Thayandera*, the wonderful," the elder Esling added.

"And the village of the *Monicoma*, the only existing remnant of the once powerful *Incas*," remarked Arline Esling.

"A most magnificent valley."

"A strange, mysterious lake."

"A singular people, those Monicoma."

"Christian idolators 'tis said."

Such, and other like remarks, recalled to mind much that we had heard from the Dulceans, of the superb valley, singular lake and strange people. The Eslings had more information, obtained in another direction, while our pretty Bell Bird of the Dulce could tell us much beyond what we had heard, being herself of *Inca* lineage, though she had never been in the Sun Valley, or seen any of its people. All along it had been our purpose to visit the valley of the Sun; but it was only when we had it there almost under foot a superb diorama, and the strange, vague stories we had heard of the *Monicoma* and there sacred lake, all came vividly to mind, that we became enthusiastic and impatient to go down, and by personal observation satisfy ourselves as to the truth or falsity of many things we had heard relative to these singular sun-worshippers.

So as soon as we had got breakfast and could get to saddle, we began to go down, riding when we could two abreast, as our horses went steadier in that way. But frequently we were obliged, on account of the narrowness of the way, to break up and ride in single file. Even then it was close crowding along the insecure shelves of bituminous shingle occasionally. We got on very cleverly, however, for an hour and a-half, when there came like a sudden flash an incident that terminated but a single hand's breadth as it were short of a catastrophe that, consummated, would have been terrible, and placed our united family in mourning that would have lasted through life.

While we admired our brilliant, dashing Kate, respected the gentle, amiable Edith, esteemed our vivacious, mischievous Minnie, and petted our younger, universal sister of *el Val de Dulce*, we held in our hearts our bright, beautiful, little Neapolitan, the Signora Florletta Maralina more sacred than any of them. It was because she was so truthful and confiding, and an orphan, without a relative on the continent, and fifteen of us men and women had adopted her as our own, when we gathered about the bed of her dying mother in Montevideo, and promised solemnly that, God permitting, the orphan girl should remain with us until we should find fitting opportunity to send her to her grandparents in Naples.

Florletta was riding a little in advance of Arthur Esling, who had become her especial cavalier, along one of the narrow ledges where single file was the arbitrary necessity. There is a large white bird of the vulture family, not very common anywhere, and found only in the elevated Andean regions. This bird is of great strength, rapid flight, and peculiarly singular habits. The natives of all these regions religiously believe that the *Guisote* feeds exclusively upon gold, and that abandoned mines and fissures in which gold has been found are its favorite haunts. However much or little of truth there may be in the superstition, it is certain that one member of the family exhibited in our presence a strong proclivity for the precious metal.

Florletta wore a green velvet cap, with a broad gold band and bright orange colored plume, secured with a buckle of fine gold set with rubies. The girl had just turned her head to reply to some remark made by Arthur, when sudden as a flash of light one of the great white vultures swooped down from the upper air, and in a wink snatching the cap of green and gold from Florletta's head, sailed swiftly away with the prize dangling from his talons. Between the sweeping dash of the *Guisote*, and the scream of the startled girl, her spirited horse took fright and began to rear and plunge in a manner wholly ungovernable.

Arthur Esling drove his horse headlong forward, stretched out his left arm, clasped Florletta about the waist, but overreaching, lost his own balance and was drawn from the saddle, and there, on the very verge of an abyss that went down sheer three hundred feet, hung for a moment or two in a palpitating group, the sight of which stilled our heart's beating, the frantic horse, our loved and lovely dark-eyed queen of song, and the brave, handsome young artist, all doomed to inevitable destruction. No earthly power could avert their terrible destiny—yes, there was one means, and as if at the special ordering of Omnipotence, that means flashed upon a dozen brains simultaneously.

Overhead whirled in rapid gyrations a dozen coiled *lassoes*—Cator's fell first, two yards short of the mark. *While* came that of Edith Bond, laid out to its utmost stretch, the noose falling fairly over both the endangered persons, and in a second Cator laid hold to assist Edith. O'Harra dropped his loop deftly over Esling, Dr. Bond haltered Florletta securely around the waist, Kate fastened her noose to Arthur's left arm—*whiz*—vip—fell the unerring *lariats* of Harry White, Senora Montiero, our Bell Bird, Cosmo—the bug hunter—Minnie—Montiero—a dozen in all—*click—click*—twenty times faster than one could count.

Deftly the slack of every lasso was gathered in and turns taken to saddle trees, and then there was a moment of suspense—a fierce struggle between fate and our supple raw-hide thongs. The feet of both the girl and Esling were somehow entangled in the stirrups and saddle trappings—the horse flung clear from the cliff—every lasso tautened up like harp strings—a fierce flounder in the air—cinch, girth and martingale gave way—the doomed horse went down alone, and lay crushed into a shapeless mass among the jagged rocks at the bottom of the ravine, while our good lassoes brought our young companions safely from the brink of the precipice.

In two or three instances our earnestness had drawn the nooses somewhat uncomfortably tight; but inevitable Kate in her congratulations remarked to the rescued pair, that if they should never find the matrimonial noose choking closer than our *lassoes*, theirs would be a lucky life.

☞ In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

## Snow in the Sierra Nevada—Winter Aspects of the Central Railroad.

[From the Sacramento "Union" of Dec. 10th.]

Within five hours ride of Sacramento, where roses still bloom in the gardens and the air is balmy as the breath of spring, snow has fallen to the depth of three feet on a level, and the sleigh-bells are making music along white highways, fenced with spire-like pines. One can breakfast here in the valley, where ice is chiefly known as an imported luxury for cooling drinks on sultry days and where snow is a tradition; dine where frozen lakes tempt the graceful skater, where cutter and buffalo robes and bells offer the swift and rollicking fascination of New England sport, and not far from the spot where the snow walled in and shrouded the Donner party in death, and sup in time to see the curtain rise at the theatre in Sacramento on the same evening. The locomotive makes this concentration of the seasons—this transition from spring flowers to winter delights—on the same day, a possibility. Each puffing engine that rolls away from the green cottonwoods on the levee is armed with a snow plough. And this suggests the beginning of that battle of the railroad men with the white storms of the Sierra which the ravens have croaked into defeat before the first onset has been sounded. The Central Pacific Railroad Company now run four passenger trains daily for a distance of 23 miles within the snow-belt of the mountains—that is from Alta to Cisco, and are already testing another of those "insurmountable obstacles" which were conjured up to destroy confidence in the enterprise, but which have been vanquished from time to time, in the progress of the work, by energetic attack. The experiment is of great interest to the people of this coast as well as to all others who realize the importance of regular communication by the continental highway, but it should be said that the officers of the company have little or no doubt about operating the road up there during the season of storms. Something may be learned, foreshadowing the result, from the equipment of the railroad for the contest, and the manner in which the snow has been handled thus far. The snow-plough placed in front of each locomotive is the one usually employed on the roads in the Northern states on the Atlantic side of the continent, calculated to clear the track of the whole obstacle, immediately after a storm, provided the depth is not more than two feet. If the trains are frequent during a storm, accumulation to a greater depth upon any considerable section of the road is hardly probable. Heavy drifts might occur, and, in the course of the winter, the snow might be heaped to a great height on each side of the track, but to prevent delay from such obstructions, a large force of laborers are ready for service above Alta, and a huge snow-plough—an independent machine—has been built for throwing the snow over into the ravines, away from the line of the road. The first heavy storm of the season, leaving, as we have intimated, a depth of three feet on a level, was easily disposed of without having recourse to the big machine. During that tempestuous visitation, it happened that a train was stopped by running against a boulder, but the snow itself did not delay the regular passenger trains an hour. Yet a storm of the same duration has often blockaded Eastern railroads for half a day. But if the storms will not obstruct travel on this mountain track to serious extent, will there not be peril from snow-slides? For many miles above Alta, the track skirts the side of a ridge, and the traveller looks up the steep slope of a mountain on one hand and down a precipice upon the other. Suppose a mass of snow, working loose and bringing with it earth, boulders and fallen trees, should come thundering down upon the railroad while a train is passing along this section of the road. If it struck the train, it would smash things, of course; but the stages run greater risks every winter, for they are slower, and therefore have less chance of getting out of the way than a railroad train, and still serious accidents seldom occur. The slides are frequent, especially when the thaw begins, in those mountains, but they have thus far caused but little loss of life in proportion to the amount of travel. An avalanche might overwhelm a sleigh full of happy hearts, but we venture the opinion without hesitation, that sleighing over the same highway would not be abandoned on that account. This argument may be used to scare the timid traveller, but we believe it is not pretended that the occasional "thunderbolt of snow" will prevent the working of the Pacific railroad over the Sierra in winter. If the track cannot be seriously obstructed by storms, the operation of the road passes beyond experiment into the domain of assured success.

The section of railroad within the snow-belt is a wonderful monument of energy and engineering skill, and the reign through which it passes is a succession of the grandest scenes the Sierra can afford. A stranger, coming from the eastern slope and finding a locomotive puffing amid the snows in the shadow of the Black Butte and Rattlesnake Peak, 6,000 feet above the sea, cannot fail to be startled by such an apparition; and his wonder will not diminish as he descends and looks at the precipitous mountains and stupendous gorges over which the way has been smoothed for the track of the iron horse. There are but two tunnels on this section—one through Grizzly Hill, 600 feet long; and the other through the ridge that divides the waters of the American from those of the Yuba, at Emigrant Gap, only 350 feet in length. The line has been so skillfully run that the ascent is accomplished by cuts, embankments and blasting of a road bed in the solid rock of the mountain side where an experienced hunter would be troubled to climb. The deepest cut is found at Prospect Hill, 10 miles above Alta, and measures 128 feet. The embankments are many and huge, and the settling of these during this, the first season of their use, is the point that requires of the Superintendent more constant attention than the obstruction of the snow. The construction trains are continually employed in restoring them to the proper grade. From the tunnel at Emigrant Gap to Cisco the road is blasted out of the granite mountain side, overlooking Bear Valley and the canon of the Yuba. Here, and at a point below, whence may be seen the forks of the American and the Giant's Gap (lately Jehovah Gap,) are the grandest views to be obtained on the line of the railroad. Towering heights and dizzy depths—craggy cliff and velvet sward—forests of fir and pine and summits of glittering snow—are the chief elements of the scenes which artists of the future will delight to paint. At this time, flecks of snow are first seen by the traveller 10 miles above Alta, and thence to Cisco it gradually deepens, until it clothes the earth with a thick and far-spreading robe of white and gracefully festoons every tree on the mountain side. One may see at Cisco the sleighs of the stage company waiting for their daily freight of migrating humanity. To those who have pursued the routine of life in the valley for years, and have caught only distant glimpses of the winter on the summit of the Sierra, a visit to this Arctic land at this season gives a strange and delightful sensation. We have the best authority for asserting that the snow is very white, very pure and very cold, and for adding that sleighing in California is just as good fun as it ever was in the East.

### WINTER'S HARVEST.

Pure and blue is the broad, broad sky—
Cold and hard as a sapphire stone;
The flowers are all of them frozen and black,
And we seem left alone.
Now Summer's toil
Is Winter's spoil,
And the leaves are gathering in.

The poplar's turned to a pillar of gold;
The alder's crimson and dead;
The beech is brazen and glowing;
The sycamore's rusty red.
The glory's gone;
The year fades on;
And the leaves are gathering in.

In the cold and peaceful sunshine
The dead leaves fill the skies,
Floating, floating, drifting,
Like golden butterflies.
For Summer's toil
Is Winter's spoil;
Time's harvest is gathering in.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—A report has recently been made to the Government of Bengal of the ravages of the Indian famine in the province of Orissa. In this report it is estimated that in Orissa the loss of life from the want of food and its consequences amounted to from 500,000 to 600,000 persons, and that in some places three-fourths of the population have died. Orissa had a population before the famine of 4,500,000 and the deaths are still reported at the rate of 150 a day. In other provinces the destruction has been great, and it is announced that already 1,000,000 people have been destroyed by the great famine of 1866 in an area of country not larger than England and Wales—a destruction that amounts to one-sixth of the population among whom the famine raged.

No plague, no black death, no yellow fever, no great physical convulsion like the most tremendous earthquake on record, has engulfed so many victims. The last famine, of which Baird Smith was the alleviator and historian, carried off half a million, or only a twenty-sixth of the thirteen millions affected, and the starvation price of food was never higher than 7½ seers the rupee. This, ere it closes, *will have swallowed up a sixth of the people*, among whom rice sometimes was not to be had at all, and for many a long month not lower than 6 seers the rupee.

MENTAL AND MANUAL LABOR.—Professor Houghton, of Trinity College, Dublin, has published some curious chemical computations respecting the relative amounts of physical exhaustion produced by mental and manual labor. According to these chemical estimates, two hours of severe mental study abstract from the human system as much vital strength as is taken from it by an entire day of mere hand work. This fact, which seems to rest upon strictly scientific laws, shows that the men who do brain work should be careful, first, not to overtask themselves by too continuous exertion, and secondly, that they should not omit to take physical exercise each day sufficient to restore the equilibrium between the nervous and muscular systems.

ECLIPSES DURING 1867.—Four eclipses are announced by astronomers as occurring during 1867, two of the sun and two of the moon.

The first is an annular eclipse of the sun on March 6th, invisible in America. The second is a partial eclipse of the moon on the morning of March 20th, visible in America, and at Philadelphia lasting from fifteen minutes past two A. M., until twenty-two minutes past five A. M. The third is a total eclipse of the sun on August 29th, invisible in the United States. The fourth is a partial eclipse of the moon on the evening of September 13th, visible in America. At Philadelphia the moon will rise eclipsed, at nine minutes past six P. M., and the eclipse ends at fifty-six minutes past eight P. M.

RATHER TOO RAGACIOUS.—One of the Troy papers tells a story of a dog owned by a resident of that city, who is named, who has a peculiar talent for picking up valuables wherever he finds them and taking them home to his master. In the exercise of this quality he has on three occasions carried to his owner four packages of money that were lost, and through the agency of the dog they were restored to the owner. He is said to be a marvel of canine sagacity, but it may be asked whether this remarkable dog, that has such a talent for picking up valuable packages and articles, does not occasionally find them where they are not lost? They have such dogs in Paris, and this may be one of that breed.

A MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—At Ottawa, Canada, on Friday, a young coquette had made an appointment to elope with a British private, John Welsh. While in waiting for the girl, the soldier was seized, gagged and stripped, and an old flame, Larry Lawler, whom Julia had jilted for the red-coat, donned the uniform, kept the tryst, and was firmly tied to the girl before she discovered the mistake, by a ready-made priest, feed for the occasion. The girl's mother had arranged the whole affair. Julia professed her willingness to allow things to stand as they were, her one desire for a husband having been answered.

LESSON FOR THE IMPROVIDENT.—In the nest of a field mouse, recently discovered in an English garden, there was found a winter's store of 1,329 filbert nuts, which had been accumulated there by the industry of the little tenant of the nest. The store which it had thus accumulated to supply its necessities through the winter season measured half a peck. In this trifling incident improvident people may find a lesson against spending all and saving nothing for times of emergency that is well worthy of their attention, although it comes from so insignificant a creature as a mouse.

☞ The oldest living actor, according to the Boston Post, is "Superfluous Lags" the veteran on the stage.


# THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

## ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

## HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

## DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

## The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

## BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

## SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.


☞ A lad in Ireland recently found, under the flooring of a room in which he was working, a mass of honey weighing over 120 pounds, the fruits of many years' industry of the busy insects. The proper precautions having been taken, the monster honeycomb was made secure by the fortunate finder.

☞ A sweet woman's soul sits and looks out of a bright eye like a cat out of a sunny window.

☞ A Mr. Olmstead and a Miss Hale were married in Hartford, on New Year, after twenty years' courtship.

☞ When a bird flies up into the air it must leave its wings behind, for all its feathers remain "down."

☞ The Galveston Bulletin says that if Emerson's dictum be true, that "profane swearing is the popular recognition of the Deity," there are few infidels in Galveston.

☞ "John has signed the pledge," said Thad to Charles. "Glad of it," responded the latter, "it will bring down the price of drinks for the rest of us."

☞ "Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head—stir your stumps, or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father," replied the hopeful, "I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to *scratch a head!*"

☞ It is reported that forty tons of rust were taken from the Menai tubular bridge, in Wales, at a recent cleaning.

☞ Twelve ewes have been sold in Middleburg, Vt., for $1,000 each, and a young ram for $2,000. The animals were of a choice kind.

☞ HADN'T HEARD IT.—Some one asked Tom Corwin once if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's. "Was it about himself?" inquired Corwin. "No, I believe not." "Then I never heard it," said Tom gravely.

☞ Several years ago our Government imported a lot of camels, for trial on the Western Plains. The survivors now carry freight between Virginia City and Austin, Nevada. They have twice the strength, and more than twice the endurance of mules, are healthy, and can carry burdens cheaply. Everything seems to show that they can be readily naturalized; yet, owing to some prejudice, no pains are taken for their perpetuation, and they are dying out.

☞ AMERICANS IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent says many American families who crossed the Atlantic last autumn, thinking that by settling down now they would obtain house accommodations for the coming exhibition on advantageous terms, are unfortunately undeceived by finding that from the first of April no previous engagements will stand good, and fresh terms, proportionately high with the demand for them, will have to be submitted to.

☞ A pickpocket on a Western railroad picked the pocket of the conductor as he was putting him off the train.

☞ Take care when you buy, that you are not sold.

☞ Naturalists have now settled the fact that every cow once wore calf-skin boots.

☞ "Which way do you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked-backed gentleman. "I came straight from Wheeling," was the reply. "Did you?" said the other; "then you must have been shockingly warped by the railroad."

☞ In bringing up children, if we oppose violence by violence, passion by passion, we try to put out the fire with boiling oil.

☞ The Italian churches are perfumed.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We commenced in the first number of January a new story called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," were so eagerly read in our paper during the past year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR, SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

## SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

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### REMARKS.

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☞ The lists may be made up for THE POST exclusively, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to the magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

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No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 14 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

No. 8. Is Allen's Patent, *Breech Loading* Rifle—large bore. One of the best of the breech-loaders.

No. 9. Is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as we have offered for the last four years. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

No. 10. There are *six* pieces in this set. A *Coffee-Pot, nee Tea-Pots*, a *Creamer, Sugar* and *Slop Bowls*. Silver Plated on the best White Metal, they have all the beauty of solid silver, and are now used in the very best families. The pattern is a beautiful one—and altogether this is a most desirable Premium. The set will be boxed carefully, and shipped from the manufacturer by railroad or express, as desired.

No. 11. This is a Lady's Fine Gold Lever Watch—in a hunting (or closed) case, beautifully enamelled, and with excellent works. A splendid Premium, to be obtained by a little exertion. A school might make up a list, and get a Silver or Gold Watch as a Christmas or New Year's present for the teacher.

No. 12. Appleton's New American Cyclopædia—embodying the latest and most reliable information upon about twenty-five thousand different subjects. Sixteen large volumes, of seven hundred and fifty pages each. A splendid present for a Teacher or a Minister, from a School or Congregation.

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No. 17. This Rifle is the famous Seven Shooter used during the War. See full description of it in THE POST of December 1st.

The Melodeons, Organs, and Harmoniums could easily be obtained by the members of a Day-School, Sunday-School, or Church. Their value we need not dwell upon. As to their quality, the manufacturers, Carhart & Needham, Nos. 97, 99 and 101 East Twenty-Third Street, New York city, would be pleased to answer all letters in reference thereto, and furnish satisfactory evidence.

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☞ MUSLIN.—The following, written by one who knows, shows considerable appreciation of human nature:—"Men never so entirely worship women as when they are surrounded by the wondrous folds of a delicate, semi-transparent muslin dress. They may respect them in calico, they may admire them in velvet, but they love them in muslin."

☞ A teacher said to a little girl at school, "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good little girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she replied, "*if I couldn't catch her!*"

☞ The English language is spoken by 75,000,000 of the human race, including "the greatest nation in all creation."

☞ A gentleman called on a rich miser, and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in trapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if my servants steal the sugar."

☞ Lord Shaftsbury says that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

☞ A Court in Wisconsin recently decided that a man has a right to chastise his wife "to a reasonable extent."

### FLO.

FROM THE LONDON FUN.

Flo has the wickedest, winningest way with her,
  Merriest eye and the sauciest lip;
Boys should be careful whenever they play with her,
  O'er her if they'd have the hand with the whip.

If some light chaff you would care to disseminate,
  Testing the platitude, "Woman is fair;"
Watch her lip curl, as she calls you effeminate,
  Seeing you part in the middle your hair.

First for its sake, or for mere notoriety,
  She'll look you playfully up and then down:
No sharper tongue will you find in society,
  No firmer woman for holding her own.

Men who are sensible will not play false with her,
If they don't care to be treated with scorn;
  Mind and be careful whenever you waltz with her,
  Laugh, if you dare, when her "gathers" are torn.

Flo flashes eyesfull of love for the fun of it,
  Breaking her hearts like a box-full of toys;
As to sincerity, she will have none of it,—
  Girls, they are often as careless as boys.

Happy as long as the silly ones sigh for her,
  Proud when the flattery falls on her ear;
Florence can kill; but no hero may die for her
  If he can't reckon his thousands a year.

One of these days, it has happened before, you know,—
  Flies are entrapped by the sweets they have gorged,—
Light-hearted Flo will be happy no more, you know,
  Fast in the fetters that Florence has forged.

There'll come a time when her cupfull of jollity
  Some one will snatch, with a pitiless laugh!
Then she will see the sad fate of frivolity,—
  Know there is nothing so cruel as chaff!

## HEARTS ERRANT.

### CHAPTER XXII.

AN ACCUSATION AND A DECLARATION.

"Murder."

It glared in hard, black, giant letters from the stone wall; the noonday sun beat fiercely on the unwavering lines but could not burn out their wicked import. The hurrying tide of human life swept by the cruel word; a thousand hearts stood still as they caught its horror; a thousand pulses quickened with the nameless, awful dread which overshadows the crime of Cain.

It was opposite to a railway station—a busy, crowded spot in the heart of the great city, and turning out of the huge iron gates, the ever-recurring influx of men and women, on foot, in carriages, in rattling London cabs, came always full upon the great placard pasted there upon the wall, over the top of the last omnibus of the long row waiting to pick up intending passengers.

"MURDER. £200 REWARD."

A cab dashed up to the station and drew up exactly in front of the hideous announcement. Its occupant sprang down almost before the vehicle stopped, and handing up the fare to the driver as he passed, hurried through the swinging doors to the ticket-office—his back had been all the time to the placarded wall.

A servant touched his cockaded hat to him as he entered.

"The first bell has rung, sir."

"All right, Simmonds. Luggage in?"

"Yes, sir."

And passing with a rapid step on to the platform, the young officer plunged into a first-class carriage to the clang of the second bell, and seated himself with a self-congratulatory exclamation on his good-luck in catching the afternoon express to Estwick.

Just as the express train steamed slowly out of the station on *one* pair of rails, a train steamed slowly in on another pair. The polished funnel of the coming engine left behind a long trail of white cloud, which met and interwreathed itself with the panting breath of the departing locomotive.

Ah, how frequently in life do we and a far better fate pass each other so near that we wonder whilst we agonize over the strange "just missed" which seems so cruel!

The arriving train stopped and set down its passengers. A stout middle-aged man-servant handed down a staid-looking lady's-maid from a second-class carriage, and hurried off to claim the luggage, whilst his companion hastened forward to the assistance of a lady who was looking for her from the window of a first-class compartment, and the two then bestowed a great deal of anxious attention upon a third person—a young lady whose small, slight figure was, in spite of the warmth of the day, enveloped in wrappings, and whose pallid complexion showed even through the veil which covered it. A carriage was in waiting—evidently by appointment—one of those hired broughams which ply at metropolitan stations. The ladies seated themselves in it, the younger lying wearily back on the cushions; the maid on the box. The man-servant came up.

"Claridge's Hotel, Jervis," said Miss Ursula; "but stay, I have a message to send back to Mrs. Gaythorn; tell the coachman to drive round to the telegraph office, and come yourself."

Jervis obeyed, his cab following the more pretentious brougham. At the door of the telegraph office both vehicles stopped. Jervis waited respectfully at the window of the carriage whilst Miss Ursula, tearing a leaf from her pocket-book, wrote a few words with the gold pencil on her watch-chain. Olive still lay back with closed eyes; Jervis's, too well trained to follow his mistress's pencilled words, and having, from his position, little scope beyond the interior of the brougham, relieved themselves of all responsibility by gazing straight through the opposite window to the wall beyond. What he saw there turned his ruddy cheek paler by two or three shades, and Miss Ursula, looking up to him with a question on her lips, followed the direction of his eyes, and turned paler too.

"Drive on," she cried, hurriedly; "tell the man to drive on at once. I will send the message from the hotel;" and she glanced anxiously towards Olive as she spoke, whilst Perks, on the coach-box, astonished the coachman at her side by the utterance of a groan which went to the internal despairing question of—

"Am I never to get away from it? Will it follow me wherever I go? And God knows I'm trying to do right and to feel right too. I wish—I wish I could *die* and be at peace!"

In the meantime the express sped on its way to Estwick, and the one passenger with whom we have to do, folded his arms and looked out at the familiar landscape flitting past with that sort of contented repose of expectation which overspreads the last stage of a long journey happily accomplished. He had come to this point through various perils—through the final breaking down of the cranky old troop-ship off the Bay of Biscay, and the timely deliverance by a passing steamer, which had landed him at Marseilles, whence, by rapid travelling through France and across the Channel, he had at last reached England. The train drew up at a large intermediate station.

"Pa—pers! Day's pa—pers! *Times, Morning Post, Daily Telegraft*—day's paper!"

Our traveller had shaken his head once—nay, twice. To tell the truth, he had not cared for any interruption to the satisfied anticipation which occupied his thoughts. But the vociferating news-boy had his own opinion as to the requirements of a gentleman who sat with folded arms and nothing to do, all alone in a railway carriage, and he accordingly mounted the step, and dropped his voice to a more confidential description of his wares.

"Day's papers, sir—*Times, Punch, Fun, Daily Telegraft*. Account of the rescue of the crew and passengers of the troop-ship Miranda. Dreadful fire in Sise-lane."

Captain Thynne put out his hand for the *Times*, glad to purchase quiet at that price, and the boy dropped from the step and continued his beat up and down the platform.

The train passed out of the station again, and, stretching to its fullest speed, rushed on at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The young man sat carelessly turning over the pages of his newspaper. There was the account of his own rescue from the sinking ship, and he read it with the abated interest to which another object is at the moment more prominent. The deliverance, great as it was, had retreated into the past, and the emotions which belonged to it were supplanted by one nearer and more vivid. He crumpled up the large sheet of type and threw it over on to the opposite seat; and then he leaned forward and sat, as before, idly looking out upon the flying landscape, in pleased and friendly recognition of each landmark. Presently his care, which he had placed on the opposite cushion, dislodged by the vibration of the carriage, rattled to his feet. He stooped to replace it, and in doing so a word down in the corner of the crumpled newspaper caught his eye. He took it up and read on. It was a letter headed "The Armytage Tragedy." The writer commenced by pointing out that this sad and mysterious affair was, in spite of the large reward offered for its elucidation, being suffered to sink into obscurity; that time, so far from throwing any light upon the dark circumstances, rather tended to enwrap them in a darker cloud of mystery. He then proceeded to make a *résumé* of the case. A young lady, he said, had been made away with in the dead—or, rather, in the *clair obscur*—of the summer's night, and that from a house full of servants, some of whom were actually within call, and it might almost be presumed really within hearing, of such a scene of violence as the broken dressing-case, the torn shrubs, the spots of blood too plainly suggested. The police had been called in on the first alarm, as was stated, but this was not until nine o'clock in the morning. They had had possession of the house, and had had the material of discovery entirely in their own hands, for the six or seven days succeeding the occurrence, but they had failed, signally failed, to make anything of all this, and had suffered the whole case to slip through their fingers, displaying a supineness and a want of intelligence amounting to culpable negligence and unpardonable stupidity. Various comments on the degeneracy of that body followed, with a call for spirited action in the matter and immediate reform. The letter concluded with a vehement protest against the humoring of official negligence by the public, and with the demand that this outrage at Armytage Park should be thoroughly sifted, and the public alarm, justly aroused, appeased by such prompt and energetic measures as had certainly not hitherto been taken.

Gerald read this letter through to the end, then he turned back and read it slowly a second time, in a stunned, incredulous way. What could it mean? There were no names. Claris? It did not seem to him that this horror *could* have to do with Claris—the brilliant, splendid creature, supreme in life and beauty, whom he was even now hastening to meet; it was impossible that such annihilation should have fallen upon the visions and prospects that were yet so real and lifelike to him. Poor waifs and strays of mortality that we are! and yet how hard and difficult it is to us to learn the lesson of our own insecurity! Our world must abide, we think, even though the worlds of others lie in crumbling ruins about them and us.

But then Olive? Our hero was not given to self-analysis, or he might have been startled to find that this second question stirred a deeper underlying chord than the first. It was simply *incredible* that such sudden and horrible eclipse should have overtaken Claris. But Olive! Out of that intolerable agony of doubt his soul sprang with eager rebound to meet a ray of relief which flashed into the darkness. A visitor—there were often visitors at Armytage Hall—young ladies. Why might not this terrible fate have overtaken one of these? He could almost have smiled at the rashness which had jumped instantly to any other conclusion. He took up the paper and looked again through the letter, although he knew beforehand that he should find there no indication to guide him to a more certain conclusion. "Of course it would refer to some visitor," he repeated decisively, and laid down the paper. Dreadful and startling as the thing was under any circumstances, he realized for a time nothing but this almost joyful sense of relief. It was not until the train stopped at Estwick that the first fear and doubt came creeping back. They were upon him so strong again when he jumped on to the platform and confronted the dapper little station-master—who touched his hat to him with an askance look, very unlike his usual sprightly welcome—that he did not care to face the answers to questions which might easily have been asked there where he was so well known. A couple of hired flys stood at the door of the station.

"Take my man and the baggage on to Hazelrigge," he said shortly to the driver of the first, as he came forward with a civil recognition; and, passing on to the second, he ordered—"Armytage Hall."

He leant back in the farthest corner of the vehicle as it passed through the gate of the north lodge, held open by Mrs. Hepburn; and, in spite of the reassurance with which he strove to fortify himself, it was not until he had gone more than two-thirds of the length of the avenue that he could summon courage to look out and up at the old Tudor mansion standing silent and stately at the head of the long, straight line of ancient oaks and elms. With every door and window closed against the afternoon sun—with no sign or breath of life stirring the gray solemnity of its aspect—the old hall gave him but a grave and chill welcome, in place of the warm, home-like greeting he had so often pictured to himself.

"Stop here!" he called to the driver, pulling him up at a couple of hundred yards or so short of the portico—"wait here for me under the trees."

The fear and the dread had fast hold of him now; and, with the usual manly horror of a scene, he shrank from the obtrusive clang of the great bell and the sudden announcement which might follow, with even this man for a witness. He preferred to try the chance of meeting the tidings alone, out in the open air, with the way of escape at hand. So he turned aside from the entrance, and mounting the steps under the cedar-trees, came out upon the terrace. But the house was as deserted on this side as it was in the front. No flattering muslin draperies waved to and fro in the breeze; no light footstep or musical laugh broke the—as it struck him—deadly quiet of this place which he had been used to find instinct with life and movement. Not a housemaid's hand stirred the closely-drawn blinds; not even a gardener's boy was busied about the flower-beds, as Gerald stood looking over them, and leaning against the stone parapet above the steps, which he remembered to have seen often strewed with the appliances of feminine industry, books and work.

He roused himself presently; he was beginning to be conscious of his own cowardice, and half ashamed of it, and he prepared himself for that presentation at the great hall door, which now seemed inevitable, by first taking the whole length of the terrace walk. At the sound of the hard crunching of gravel under his feet, Mrs. Gaythorn lifted the blind and looked out of the drawing-room window. She was engaged at the moment in superintending the swathing in brown-holland bags of all the chairs and sofas in that apartment. At the sight of Captain Thynne she instantly threw up the window, and confronted him with a pale, scared face.

"Oh, sir!—oh, Captain Thynne, this is sad news for you, sir!"

"I know," he began, with a desperate attempt to ward off the shock, even then.

"Poor Miss Claris!" sighed the housekeeper, hardly knowing in her flurry what she said. "And she was so beautiful! and she was looking forward so, sir, to your return—"

But he was gone, whilst she was still speaking and wiping her eyes.

Half-an-hour later the door of Lady Arthur's room opened, and a haggard face looked in. She sprang to meet it with the cry—

"It is for you to avenge her!"

There was no other word of greeting or welcome. The one great overwhelming thought stood between them and blotted out all other interests, swept them away, like dead leaves before an autumnal gale. And then Lady Arthur poured into his half-stunned ears the story as it stood with her, adding to Mr. Hailsham's outline, with a reckless violence of assertion, the proofs and conclusions which her own mind had since worked out. It would seem that her very violence ought to have discredited her tale, but the mind which had been strained by the first horror could easily receive this second and greater one. And there was that in his mother's changed appearance, in the ghastly traces of disease, all new to her son, which added to his disturbed and overwrought mind a certain element of conviction. He let the whole flood-tide of her vehement accusation sweep over him unresistingly for awhile.

"Stop, mother, stop!" he appealed at last, and left her.

Hilda waylaid him at the dining-room door.

"Come in here," she said, and he went.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Abbeyford—to Hailsham," he answered.

"And afterwards?"

He did not answer.

"At all events," she said, decisively, with her hand upon the bell, "you must wait for the carriage—I have sent away that wretched fly—and you must eat something; you have been travelling all day, and are worn out."

She had the table already spread. He shook his head, but he swallowed a glass of wine when she pressed it upon him, and broke a mouthful of bread.

"Hilda," he said, as he set down his glass, "is this true?"

He did not look at her while he waited for her answer, but he sat with his bowed head between his hands and his elbows resting upon the table. But the pause she made was so long that he raised his face at last to hers, and she saw—Hilda was quick-sighted—a wistful agony of suspense that was a revelation to her. She was graver than perhaps he had ever seen her before, as she answered in a low tone—

"I don't know. On the face of it, it is impossible; but—the rest is impossible too—would have been, if we had not known it; and these are strange times. If so, it must have been some lurking madness—and—she has been ill and strange ever since; no wonder, perhaps, in any case."

"And you are her friend," he sighed, presently; not reproachfully, but with a sad, reluctant resignation of hope.

It was late when he reached Abbeyford, and the magistrate was just sitting down to dinner. He would willingly have put aside even this important ceremony in the eager interest of his latest hobby, but Gerald would not permit it, and it was not until the cloth was removed, and the servants had departed, that he brought out his notes and evidences, and had the opportunity of laying the whole result of his magisterial energy and acumen before his guest.

"You see, the whole thing is as plain as daylight," he demonstrated, "and if it hadn't been for the shirking cowardice of Bohun and Duncombe, we might have brought it all out at the beginning. Fayrit is hard at work, and we shall find the body yet. I beg your pardon, Thynne," for even Hailsham could see his start and shudder. "However, I am glad you have come back; the case belongs properly to you; of course you are the person to follow it up—the legitimate person—and I put it into your hands. Only you understand that I am ready and willing to co-operate with you at any time and to any extent. We've got the whole country about our ears;

and look here, this is Sir George Grey's letter—don't wonder at it—horribly mismanaged case. Don't see how we can hold our heads up as a magisterial body until this is set right. With a pack of old women on the bench, such as Bohun, and Evesham, and that finical puppy—as puppy he'll be to the end of his days—Sir Everard Staplewode, advocating sneaking half-measures, and afraid to move out of the old jog-trot line, the country must go to wreck and ruin. Can't be otherwise. Hope you mean to stay amongst us, Thynne, and to come into the commission, and bring a little new blood and spirit into it. Hey? but tush, man, you're not going to-night—it's ten o'clock. Stay here, and I'll send over for your man and traps the first thing in the morning. There's another point or two—half-a-dozen—to talk over in this matter, and then you will be ready-primed for action."

Gerald acquiesced, languidly enough, in this arrangement. All places were alike to him at the moment: as well Hallsham's professional scalpel for his wound as his mother's merciless tearing away of bandages and laying bare of nerves. A long, sleepless night brought to him, at least, some more defined necessity for action. The first impulse was to rush away to the other end of the world, out of the view, if it might be, of all this trouble and responsibility.

*Responsibility:* ay, there was the call-point. "It is for you to avenge her." "If you sit down quietly and let this wicked deed go unrequited, you are as guilty as her murderers"—this had been Lady Arthur's unmeasured language. "This is your affair; I put it into your hands; you are the legitimate person," Mr. Hallsham's more calm but equally decided judgment. The more Gerald shrank from the terrible duty, the more he strove to force himself up to its fulfillment. If all this were true—and he had settled into a desperate acceptance of it—then life was henceforth gone for him, only he must die like a soldier at the post of duty. But the cannon's mouth, the sword's point, were safety and ease compared with this. I suppose it is in such passes as these that men blow out their brains, and so end the conflict; or that women go mad and save the decision. But Gerald, under the weakness which stands confessed in these pages, had a strength to bear the strain, and it was with his face duty-wards that he left Abbeyford for the railway-station, although with what minor perplexities and uncertainties of purpose may be imagined, for when he arrived in London he remembered that he had omitted to procure Miss Ursula's address. He did not tell himself what his object was in seeking her at all; he was fully occupied on the journey up in battling with the doubt, "Was this thing for him to do? Was it his duty?" He put the doubt from him, at last, as an honest truth-seeking mind does when it believes it to be only a snare to draw him away from the path of right; but it had made what was already so hard and bitter, harder and more bitter still.

He sent his servant back by the next train to Estwick with a note to Mrs. Gaythorn, asking the address of Miss Armytage at the sea-side place whither Mr. Hallsham had already told him she had gone. The telegraph would have been much easier and more expeditious; but he had been used to Indian life, and the facilities of European civilization and progress were scarcely in his way of thinking—lost and perplexed, too, as his mind was. Besides, he hailed the delay as a respite. He went to the nearest hotel and awaited the man's return. In the coffee-room a party of three or four gentlemen, over their luncheon of oysters and Sauterne were discussing the "Armytage Mystery," as they called it, at the next table to the one at which Captain Thynne was seated, and in his hearing.

"I heard last night at the club," said one, a middle-aged man with military whiskers "that the man the poor girl was going to marry—Captain—Captain somebody——"

"Thynne," suggested a second speaker; "one of the Arlingford family."

"Oh, ay, Thynne. I heard that he has come back from India, so we shall be likely to hear more of that queer affair; he will never let it rest as it is."

At this moment Gerald passed him on his way to the door; the speaker looked up and followed him with his eyes.

"That poor fellow looks seedy," he remarked, as he peppered a fresh batch of natives. "I wonder what's the matter with him."

"No. 9, Marine terrace, Southbourne," Mrs. Gaythorn's formal little note announced to Captain Thynne; but the servant who brought it had missed the first return train by five minutes, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before he reached the hotel at which he had left his master, who accepted the delay with a composure which agreeably surprised the man, merely remarking that it was too late now to go farther, and that he should put up at the hotel for the night.

* * * * * *

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, this is peace and rest!"

It was noon of the next day, and Olive was in quiet little Southbourne. The couch on which she was lying was stretched under an open window leading on to a balcony, beneath which the waves, blue in the sunshine, rolled up over the pebbly beach with a sound of music. The white sail of a little fishing-boat every now and then flickered across the little bay in which Southbourne lay inclosed, and the glorious sunlight was flashing upon the water, and bleaching the gray rock white above the blue water at their foot.

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, I feel as if I had come out of a great storm into a haven of rest!"

Miss Ursula would not sigh as she spread a shawl over the couch, neither would she lift her face to show the shadow of care which might have disturbed this first breath of tranquillity—she could not bear to think how soon it might all vanish.

"This shawl is too light. I will fetch another," she said, and left the room.

Olive lay still, looking out upon the calm, sweet scene. The door opened again.

"Aunt Ursula," she spoke in a trembling voice, "if only this terrible mystery could be cleared up! If only what we dreaded at first could be true we should be so thankful, even for *that*, now. Is it too late to hope? I have not dared to ask you before."

Her head was still turned towards the window—as if she could better speak of this when her own trouble was not answered by another trouble in her aunt's face—and she did not see that it was not Miss Ursula but Captain Thynne who stood just within the door, where he could see the small white face, looking smaller and whiter than ever, lying against the crimson cushion of the couch, and the deep, dark eyes, with the shadows of suffering about them, showing deeper and darker out of that mournful setting. He could see the sweet moulding that trouble and patience had given to the features, but he saw none of the hurried restlessness of guilt, and he heard the words that were so like innocence. She turned her head towards him now, in surprise at the silence, and—

What had he come there to say? He never knew—it was all gone, and there was nothing there but a great uprising of the love which had been always in his heart—covered up but not extinguished—ready to burst forth at the slightest touch of pity. What he *did* say then was that he loved her—that he had always loved her.

"Oh, Olive, forgive me! Can you ever forgive me?"

He was at her feet, holding her hands, murmuring incoherent words of pity, love, remorse, when Miss Ursula came back.

"Captain Thynne! Captain Thynne! this is no time for such words." And as he rose, abashed and confused, she added, gently, "Olive has been ill, and she cannot bear any emotion or excitement."

He murmured something like an apology, and took his hat to go. Miss Ursula followed him down-stairs.

"Captain Thynne," she said, falteringly, "this must not be."

"No, it must not be," he repeated, as he took her offered hand. And as he walked through the little street of Southbourne, he repeated, "It must not be. What have I done? Is there a greater wretch or a more unhappy one in the world than I am?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE EVENING OF THE YEAR.

[We reprint the following verses from "Wayside Posies," a collection of original and selected poems edited by Robert Buchanan:—]

"Now dark and dry is piled the wheat,
The wine-press feels no stained feet,
The white moon shrinks her sickle clear;
And voices of the air repeat,
'It is the evening of the year.'

"Why have I missed, while men have found?
Men smile that corn and wine abound,
And children eat the ripened ear;
I gaze at them from barren ground:
It is the evening of the year.

"O love! it seems but yesterday,
A child in fresh green fields I lay,
And dreamt of thee where skies were clear;
But withered leaves bestrew my way:
It is the evening of the year.

"O face that I have never seen!
Somewhere on earth with saddened mien
Thou waitest full of sober cheer;
Come! where the reaper's foot hath been,
It is the evening of the year.

"Come to me, O my love, my fate,
Ere all be cold and desolate!
Come! I have sought thee far and near;
Come! lest I wither while I wait;
It is the evening of the year."

### Inhabitants of the Human Body.

What think you, reader, of your body being a planet inhabited by living races, as we inhabit the earth? Whatever may be your thoughts on the subject, it is even so. Your body is but a home for parasites, that crawl over its surface, burrow beneath its skin, nestle in its entrails, and riot and propagate their kind in every corner of its frame. The sensation in regard to trichina in swine flesh has set the scientific to "knocking their heads together," and the result is the following facts:—"Parasites not only inhabit the bodies of all animals used by us as food, but they are also found in abundance in our own organization. The species trichina spiralis, of which so much has been said, and whose existence has been discovered in pork, is, according to our best anatomists, found in almost every muscle of the human body. It lies along the fibres of the muscles, enveloped in little *cysts* or sacs about one-fourth of an inch in length. It can be distinctly seen and examined only by the use of the microscope. Professor Wood, of Philadelphia, says:—"No evidence has yet been produced of any morbid influence exerted by the trichina upon the system during life. They have been found in subjects carried off by sudden death (accident) and in the midst of health." An English authority says:—"It is a notorious fact that the numerous parasites do crawl over our surface, burrow beneath our skin, nestle in our entrails, and riot and propagate their species in every corner of our frame. Nearly a score of animals belonging to the interior of the human body have been already discovered and described; and scarcely a tissue or an organ but is occasionally profaned by their inroads. Each, also, has its favorite or its special domicil. One species of strangle chooses the heart for its dwelling-place, another inhabits the arteries, a third the kidneys. Myriads of minute worms lie coiled up in the voluntary muscles, or in the arcolar tissue that connects the fleshy fibres. The guinea worm and the chique bore through the skin and reside in the subjacent vertiocular membrane. Hydatids invest various parts of the body, but especially the liver and the brain. A little fluke, in general appearance much like a flounder, lives steeped in gall in the biliary vessels. If you squeeze from the skin of your nose what is vulgarly called a maggot—the contents, namely, of one of the hair follicles—it is ten to one that you will find in that small sebacious cylinder several animalcule, exhibiting under the microscope a curious and complicated structure. Even the eye has its living inmates. With this knowledge of our composition, it matters but little how many entozoa we consume, so long as we do not see them—it is nothing more than all ages have done before us. We might with as much propriety refuse to drink water, which, however pure, is fairly alive with animalcule, as to refuse to eat meat because it exhibits (under the microscope) entozoa."

☞ A London daily journal lately contained the following announcement: "To be sold, one hundred and fifty lawsuits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—Clients are rich and obstinate."

☞ Alexander Dumas, Jr., was recently asked, "How happens it you no longer go into company?" "Because I saw company made me more stupid, and I did not make company more sprightly."

☞ There are twenty-five bald heads in Congress, two wigs and fifteen pairs of moustaches.

## BERTIE GRIFFITHS.

### A LOVE SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL."

I.

"Killed, at Koniggratz, on the third instant, the Honorable Bertie Griffiths."

It was in the Wiesbaden Kur-Saal, about three years before I read this announcement of his death in the papers, that I first saw poor Bertie: a man evidently and openly at odds with fortune, shabbily-dressed, downcast, solitary; always taking his seat at one particular corner of the table—always, as far as my first experience went, losing, and never, by look or gesture, betraying anything save the most stony and absolute indifference to his losses. There were plenty of men of much the same stamp as himself to be seen in these rooms; and Bertie, with his threadbare coat and ill-luck and impassive manner, never interested me more than the rest until a certain summer night—a summer night stealing in fair and soft upon haggard faces, upon trembling hands, through the closed shutters of the Kur-Saal windows—when the following incident occurred:

A mere lad—a London clerk or shop-boy he looked like—had been seduced, probably for the first time in his life, into playing; first florins, then gold, and had ended by losing all he possessed—how much I don't know, perhaps about ten or fifteen pounds. When he saw the full extent of his ruin, the lad's grief, his horror, simply overcame him, and he burst into a sudden hysterical fit of sobbing.

And Griffiths?—for the first time, certainly, since I had seen him at the tables—Griffiths had won. A heap of gold—not a very large sum, but a good deal for a man wearing such a coat as he did!—was lying before him on the table when the boy's sob broke upon the dead silence of the room; and then (I speak sober truth, but I respect any reader for his incredulity)—then, without a moment's hesitation, he pushed over a portion of his winnings—ten or twelve louis-d'or perhaps—to the lad's side.

His eccentric piece of generosity, and something in that new expression that I had seen upon his face, set me thinking of him, with a heightened and curious interest; and as I was walking back, an hour or two later, to my hotel, I had just resolved that I would, if opportunity offered, seek to make my friendless countryman's acquaintance, when an abrupt turn in the lime avenue that leads from the Kur-Saal gardens towards the town brought me full and unexpectedly upon the unconscious object of my thoughts.

At the moment when I happened to come upon him there was an expression by many shades less distant than usual on his face, and so, without waiting to consider how he might receive me, I walked up and made the request, which in all Germany one may make unchallenged to a common soldier or a Grand Duke alike, of a light.

Bertie took his pipe from between his lips, laid it and his book upon the bench beside him, drew forth a match-case from his pocket, (jingling his new won louis-d'or considerably at the same time), and presented it to me.

Bertie took his pipe from his mouth, gazed intently up at the faint daybreak above his head, then, and just as I expected he was going to say something awfully incorrect in theology, he remarked: "Do you know, it really would be much better to remain here for the next hour or two than to go back to the suffocating heat and sulphur-fumes of the town?"

Griffiths was the most thoroughly engrossing companion I ever met with. When he had smoked another pipe and taken two or three glasses of brandy, he thawed thoroughly, and it was not until the invalids were beginning to issue forth from the different lodging houses that we rose and walked away together in the direction of the town.

When we came to the point at which our paths separated, I offered, as a matter of course, to shake hands with my new acquaintance as I bade him good morning. Was he too proud, too humble, too suspicious, to advance so quickly into intimacy? What was it that made him draw coldly aside, then pass on without the slightest recognition of the hand I had held out to him? Poor fellow, I know now; but during all the space of our brief friendship—yes, up to the last sorry hour in which he bade me adieu—I continued to remark and wonder over this peculiarity in Bertie Griffiths. He never would shake my hand; never at meeting or parting would give me any other salutation than the short "Good day," and scarcely perceptible nod with which on this first morning of our acquaintance he walked away from my side.

I know now! Now that the hand has stiffened beyond the possibility of wrong-doing—the heart, with all its contrition and with all its guilt, found rest at last.

II.

His acquaintance with myself seemed to bring Griffiths into more friendly relations with the world at large. His luck at the tables improved; he dressed somewhat better; gradually got to appear more by daylight; finally, little by little, was drawn on into occasionally joining the society of the other English people then in Wiesbaden.

There were a good many young and pretty girls in this society, few of whom, I think, would have been averse to Bertie's handsome face, or to Bertie's attentions, would he have proffered them. But from the first day on which I succeeded in bringing him among ladies at all, one pair of little white hands held him in absolute possession; and Bertie was a great deal too passive, a great deal too really indifferent, perhaps, to attempt to struggle from their grasp.

"Mrs. Gardiner saves me trouble, and keeps me out of mischief," he remarked, when one day I ventured to give him some friendly warnings on the subject of his growing intimacy with her. "With a younger, more inexperienced woman, I should probably have a vast deal of trouble in finding anything to say, or, which would be worse, run the risk of some serious folly. Now, Mrs. Gardiner has really a great deal to talk about, and can take care of herself, and me too, and that is just what suits me. You need be under no fear. I have never committed any absurdity of *this* kind since I was a boy."

Mrs. Gardiner was a very small, very fair woman of about five-and-thirty; a woman who, if she had been born a Parisian, might have had the reputation of beauty still, and who, even with provincial dress and inartistic restoration of the ravages of time, was not without charm of person and manner. From the first hour in which I saw her smiling up into Bertie's face, I had a singularly strong conviction that she would work him mischief before she had finished with him. She belonged so precisely to that blonde, thin-lipped, pale-eyed class of women to whom French novelists are prone to give the title of "femme-ange," and whom unhappy experience has brought my own mind to connect with a directly opposite nomenclature! I read of cruelty of cunning, of a whole host of the worst feline feminine vices, on her demure rose-and-white face; yes, from the morning when I first watched her as she led the choir in the organ-loft of the little English chapel; and as soon as I found Bertie would bear to be reasoned with about her, I unhesitatingly gave him the fullest benefit of my opinion. The result was—much what the result of all advice with regard to such matters has been for the last six thousand years at least. He listened to me attentively; told me that my insight into character did my judgment great credit; that he thought very much as I did on every point concerning Mrs. Gardiner; and—grew daily more and more devoted to Mrs. Gardiner's society!

Of regard, of even a pretence at sentiment, there was, I am certain, none upon either side; but upon Mrs. Gardiner's there was plenty of the feeling which outweighs every other in women of her type—vanity. Griffiths was, beyond question, the handsomest Englishman in Wiesbaden, and she was intensely flattered by his attention to herself. She was not one of the women who aspire after counting ugly dukes and sexagenarian millionaires in their train. What she craved for was that the crowd, strangers, or those who knew her name alike should turn and say: "Who is that handsome man so devoted to the pretty woman beside whom he walks?" and just up to this point was Bertie all that she desired. His broken fortunes, his tarnished name, took nothing from the personal charm of the man by whose side she lingered, and beneath whose eyes her own sank (with not unversed consciousness) every evening of her life in those dim-lighted Kur-Saal gardens! And, precisely because her regard for him was—what it was—I knew that her hour of awakening would be a bad one for Bertie. A woman who has really loved a man, may, on occasion, bid him good-by, without attempting to give him a mortal wound at parting; a coquette who has been only vain of his allegiance to herself, never.

There was a grand ball one Saturday night, at the Kur-Saal, a grander ball than the usual weekly reunion, given in honor of the arrival of a Russian princess, nearly allied to the Duke of Nassau; and to this ball Bertie suffered himself to be taken by Mrs. Gardiner. Balls were not at all in Bertie's way, generally. It bored him to dance, himself; it bored him to look on at the dancing of others; but I suppose he was at a point now where it was difficult for him to refuse any request that Mrs. Gardiner's vanity thought fit to impose upon him. At all events he went. It would have been well for him that night if he had stopped as usual at the red-baize door which separated the ball-room from the Spiel-Saal; well if he had lost every remaining florin that stood between him and starvation, sooner than have met whom he did, have given up the small remainder of peace that was left to him, the liberty of his own soul, into another's, and a woman's hands!

I was late in going to the ball myself, and on entering the room the first person I saw was Griffiths; Griffiths, neither bored nor responded to the *fades* flatteries of Mrs. Gardiner's eyes, but with a young and fresh-faced English girl leaning on his arm, and himself looking ten years younger and handsomer than I had ever seen him yet. He came up at once to where I stood, and introduced me to his partner, Mrs. Howden. Mrs. Howden was travelling with an uncle and aunt, and her acquaintance with Bertie had begun that day at the table d'hote of the Rose. Her party was to have proceeded to Switzerland on the following Monday morning, but—this Mrs. Howden told me, with a glance at Bertie—but Wiesbaden really seemed to be such a delightful place, with so much going on, that they had altered their plans, and decided to remain where they were for another fortnight or three weeks.

I went across the room to Mrs. Gardiner, pale through all her enamel as she watched Bertie and his companion, and inquired of her who Mrs. Howden was.

Mrs. Howden was no one at all; the widow of a subaltern who died in India a few months after his marriage, leaving her with nothing to exist upon but her pension and the charity of an uncle of his—that objectionably vulgar old man who was her chaperon to night. Pretty? well, no—sweet-looking, decidedly sweet-looking of an evening; but her complexion quite gone—like all Indians, poor thing! and so unfortunately dressed, it was almost impossible to judge of her looks. So kind of Mr. Griffiths to dance with her, was it not? She was quite unnoticed until he, good-naturedly, asked her to dance a quadrille.

Mr. Griffiths's kindness lasted until the end of the evening. As he was putting on Ada Howden's cloak before giving her back into her uncle's charge at the Kur-Saal door, Mrs. Gardiner swept close by him, and if it had rested with her good-will alone, poor Bertie's troubles would then and there, I think, have been brought to a sudden close.

I told him so as we were walking home together an hour or two later. "If you are going to change, let your infidelity at least be gradual," I added. "That little woman would have stabbed you with pleasure as you stood at Mrs. Howden's side in the doorway. She will do you an injury yet, unless you take the trouble to manage her."

It was one of those occasions when whatever you try to say must of necessity fall wide of its mark; and to get away from the subject, if possible, without wounding him, I then began to speak of Mrs. Howden.

"Wonderfully pretty, isn't she?" said Bertie. I never heard him make use of such extravagant terms in speaking of any woman before. "Not only possessing the mere commonplace beauty of hazel eyes, red lips, pink and white skin, but all those nameless feminine caressing charms of face and manner that occasionally make one fool enough to believe one woman unlike all other women in the world. Is there honesty on that woman's face, do you think?"

My answer was that Mrs. Howden had white arms, a graceful neck, bright hair, dark eyelashes. This much I saw. I could in no way speak concerning the moral qualities I had not seen.

"In other words, Mrs. Howden is a pretty woman, and you think neither better nor worse of her than of her kind." We were just parting at the door of the Rose as Bertie spoke. "Well, I dare say you are right—I dare say you are right. For myself, I am superstitious, and the moment that woman's eyes met mine to-night, I felt that in some way or another she was going to be connected with my fate. I have won, I must tell you; before I went to the ball I made a magnificent *coup*—red passed eleven times—and I take it as a good omen. What will you bet that you do not see me yet as a *pere de famille*—a sober and respected member of English society?"

His laugh was hollower than ever as he turned and entered the house. I felt that it would have been safe to stake every shilling I had in the world against such an outside chance as his rehabilitation!

III.

I knew afterwards what infatuation it was that lured Bertie Griffiths on to the last crowning mistake of a life in which everything had been mistaken. Ada Howden was like, or he believed her like, the woman to whom he was to have been married when the dark cloud of his life fell upon him; the woman who, Bertie fondly believed, died of a broken heart a year after her engagement to himself was broken off.

About this fidelity to death which I did not witness I can of course say nothing. Human creatures die of all ages and of many diseases; and it would be remarkable, perhaps, if no deaths ever occurred within such periods of love disasters as to give foundation to the popular superstition about dying of a broken heart. Of Ada Howden I knew, simply, that she was a soft-eyed, waxen-faced Englishwoman of twenty-two; strict to the core in all conventional ideas of right and wrong; lenient to whatever error she had been taught in her little shallow school to consider as venial; and with just romance enough in her nature to allow her to fall tolerably seriously in love with Bertie Griffiths's handsome, pallid, melancholy face, from the first moment that she was introduced to him.

Before a fortnight had passed their intimacy was looked upon as acknowledged by all the English people in Wiesbaden.

Many were the opinions given as to Mrs. Howden's folly in encouraging a man so broken down in fortune as Griffiths; many the stories circulated—none of them as yet approaching the truth—respecting the real nature of the cloud which overshadowed his past life. Of course all these stories were told punctually to old Mr. and Mrs. Howden, and by them duly repeated for their niece's benefit; but Ada, like a true woman, only took Bertie's part more resolutely for the efforts of friends and relations to keep them asunder. Want of means she thought nothing of. The scanty allowance Griffiths received from his family and her own small means would allow them to live as well together as they could live apart. How could it matter to her what his past history was? All of his life that belonged to her would commence from the day on which she should become his wife. These generous sentiments Bertie repeated to me, as little by little he managed indirectly to draw them forth from Ada; and, while all I read in them was her ignorance of the real truth, nothing could turn him from the belief that she was above the possibility of change; that she knew his life had been an unhappy one, and was willing to take him so, and not make scrutiny too deep into the details of the past.

Three weeks went by; the day was fixed for the Howdens to leave Wiesbaden for Switzerland; and one morning Bertie told me that the time had come when he meant definitely to ask Ada Howden to marry him. He had no fear about her answer. All that troubled him was the thought of the confession that he would have to make; the doubt as to whether, indeed, he was bound in honor to make this confession at all. He asked my opinion on the subject, but I declined giving it. It was a position, I told him, in which a man's own conscience alone could decide upon the right course for him to take. The fact was, as I had only too well divined, it mattered little whether Mrs. Howden heard the truth from Bertie's lips or from another's: the truth was coming! I had read this much already on Mrs. Gardiner's face; had read it in the tone with which she asked me if I believed there was any foundation for the report of the engagement between Mrs. Howden and Griffiths. "Poor Mr. Griffiths—I am truly sorry for him!" added the thin, red lips; "he is of good birth, I find out—has thought it wise, probably, to drop his title hitherto! What is it that some poet says about honor more before the name than after? Well, well, we must not be uncharitable. Mrs. Howden really deserves the greatest credit if she means to marry him! So very kind of you to bring the poor fellow forward among us all as you have done!" Yes, I knew then that the *femme ange* was cognizant of the truth: I knew instinctively at what pitiless time the truth would be told. Mrs. Gardiner chose her revenge well. I found afterwards that she had commenced her researches into Bertie's history on the very day after he first met Mrs. Howden at the ball, and had actually received the letter which contained the coveted knowledge for more than a week before she spoke.

There are some few human creatures who enjoy with a sort of artistic zest every detail of their revenge; plan it deliberately, carry it out dispassionately, gloat over each minutest torture of their victim, from the first moment when he stands unconsciously within their toils until the supreme hour when cruelty itself is satiated and can devise no further means for prolonging its own gratification. To this class Bertie's little blonde, soft-tongued enemy belonged. Better that a man should awaken the jealousy of a West Indian creole—an honest savage, who would merely seek to kill her lover, her rival and herself, in her first blind access of passionate fury—than wound the vanity of a woman like this; a woman who can reason first, and then avenge herself on calm, high principle, and from a sense of the duty she owes to her family and to society.

In furtherance, I firmly believe, of her own preconcerted schemes, Mrs. Gardiner got up a pic-nic, "an impromptu sociable affair among a few friends," for the very day when Griffiths was resolving to speak definitely to Ada. For the first time since her husband's death, we were told, Mrs. Howden appeared on this occasion without the faintest, the most conventional lingering remnant of mourning in her dress; and, in her fresh, floating muslins and little English hat, looked like a girl of eighteen, a light-hearted girl who had never been witness to a scene of anguish, never wept over an untimely grave in her life. When we had reached our place of destination, and Mrs. Howden, flushed and radiant, had walked off with Bertie, "just to look at that view from the hill for the last time, Mr. Griffiths," I could not help thinking how marvellously well nature has arranged all matters pertaining to love and regret for us.

Dinner was spread in the open air, and all the

rest of the party had taken their places when Bertie and Mrs. Howden reappeared, walking quickly, and visibly expatiating upon the surrounding scenery as it is usual for persons in their position to do. The moment I saw them I knew that Griffiths had offered to her and was accepted; as they approached nearer I became sensible of another and a very different circumstance. The conversation, which had been general not a minute before, hushed, and people, if they spoke to each other at all, spoke in whispers; old Mr. and Mrs. Howden looked nervous and uncertain how to act; Mrs. Gardiner alone was serene, calm, smiling.

"You have heard, I suppose, about Griffiths?" whispered the voluble and mature young lady who was next me. "Such a shocking thing—and after everybody had taken him up so! One can't help feeling for Mrs. Howden—though I have no patience myself with these giddy little Indian widows—and still more for Mrs. Gardiner, who first introduced him to everybody. I really think the way in which she broke it to us all just now was most delicate, don't you? Oh, I forgot, you were away, smoking your cigar at the time. Mrs. Gardiner only heard the particulars this morning, too late to put the pic-nic off, and she thought it a duty to explain to all of us, as her guests, the extremely painful position in which she and her husband were placed. It was no common thing, you see," she added, in a whisper: "a horrid gambling transaction, years ago, in Vienna—forged his uncle's name to a bill for an enormous sum—was found out—dismissed, and—"

I turned from her impatiently; I signed to Griffiths to come to me, and I whispered a word in his ear. For one moment whatever color there was in his cheek forsook it, and the muscles round his mouth trembled convulsively. Then his face grew fearfully calm—he had gone through more than one such crisis before, I imagine—and he went quietly back to Mrs. Howden's side.

She smiled upon him still; no whisper had as yet had time to gain her ear: and in her first delight at having won the man whom she believed herself to love, her poor little self-engrossed heart was too fluttered for her to notice the cold looks and meaning silence of the rest of the party. And so Bertie took her to her chair, close to Mrs. Gardiner, at the head of the table, and the dinner went on: went on in almost absolute silence, broken only by ghastly liveliness on the part of Mrs. Gardiner, and by poor Bertie's hollow laugh as he talked on unceasingly—and scarcely stopping, I noticed, for her to answer his unconnected remarks—to Mrs. Howden.

Presently Mrs. Gardiner turned—she had only addressed him generally hitherto—and said something which I did not exactly hear to Griffiths.

The blood neither went to his cheek nor left it: he looked steadily into her eyes. "Vienna? Certainly, Mrs. Gardiner, I was there—let me see, more than a dozen years ago. I was one of the attaches at the English Embassy. You know all about it, I imagine?"

Bertie was superb at this moment. He knew that every man and woman, save one, at that table, had heard his history; that every one of them probably would look upon it as a matter of course to pass him without recognition in the street to-morrow. But no prince surrounded by complaisant courtiers, in the very zenith of popularity, ever sat more calmly, more profoundly indifferent, than did he. It is an instinct in even the lowest natures to respect any creature, human or animal, who dies game: Mrs. Gardiner was not devoid of it. Looking into Bertie's marble face, she would, I verily believe, have given much could she but have purchased back the last hour's perfidy, and have found herself in Ada Howden's place. As it was, her eyes sank: and she began to pluck nervously at the bouquet—Bertie had sent it to her that morning—which lay before her on the table.

"My reason for asking the question was that I received a letter to-day from Mrs. Hesketh—you remember Mrs. Hesketh and her husband, no doubt, at Vienna? a letter in which she mentioned your name."

"Mrs. Hesketh? Let me consider." The most innocent man living could not have been more profoundly cool than was Bertie. "Ah, yes; I do recollect Mrs. Hesketh. She had the reputation of possessing the most thoroughly bad tongue in Vienna. Her husband tried to fight a duel that some scandal of hers got him into once; but fell down in a fit of terror, thinking himself killed before a shot was fired. I was his second, Mrs. Gardiner, and fearing the honor of the English army might be somewhat compromised by Captain Hesketh's weak nerves, managed to take the quarrel on myself and arrange it for him. I was rewarded by a shot through my shoulder, which as you may remark"—I had done so often—"has made this arm nearly helpless. Really, it is very good of Mrs. Hesketh to bear me so long in her recollection. I wish Hesketh would remember to send the five-and-twenty pounds he lost to me at lansquenet, the last night I ever saw him."

"And—I am to conclude, then, that you are the Mr. Griffiths with whom Mrs. Hesketh was acquainted in Vienna? I thought, probably, it was a mistake; because you know here we have never heard of you as connected with Lord N——?"

Bertie looked with unvarying composure into his inquisitor's face. "Lord N—— is my father," he answered, coldly. "Of the Heskeths I know nothing, except, as I have told you, that Mrs. Hesketh was a woman universally abhorred in Vienna; that her husband was a coward, and that, on the last occasion I met him, he lost five-and-twenty pounds to me at cards, which he has never paid. If Mr. Gardiner, or any friend of yours," he glanced carelessly down the table, "desires to ask me any other question, I shall be delighted to answer him at a proper place and time."

And then he turned and went on talking to Ada Howden, just as though the last three minutes had not told him he was branded—branded with unutterable shame in the eyes of every other man and woman there present.

Directly the ladies went away I moved to Bertie's side. He was very white now: white, stern, silent. He drank no wine: he just sat quietly, with his arms folded, ready—longing, I can very well believe—for the first word from any man that could be construed into a question.

As we rose to leave the table I took his arm, and leading him apart from the rest, asked if there was any kind of way in which I could serve him. Should I at once seek to offer an explanation to Ada or her uncle? She might take a different view of the matter according to the light in which it was first presented to her mind.

"She will know the truth," interrupted Bertie, abruptly. His changed voice shocked me. "No matter how it is told! The truth—the truth will be enough. I know exactly what I have to expect. What I am sorry for," he added, "is bringing you into all this. By the Lord, I don't think there's another man in Europe who would have brought up his chair by mine as you did just now. "Look," he whispered, hurriedly, "there is that accursed woman making her way to Ada's side. You may go, if you will, and try to keep them apart. I can trust myself to do nothing until I have spoken to Ada alone."

The party was already preparing to return, and I managed quietly to place myself at Mrs. Howden's side, and to remain there until I saw her into her carriage. She had evidently heard something—how much I could not tell—and kept glancing nervously at Bertie as he stood silently watching her and aloof from every one. When she was in her place I asked her, in a whisper, if we were likely to see her again that evening.

"I don't know," she faltered; "we are invited to the Gardiners, but I shall manage not to go; and if—if I can get any one to come with me, perhaps I may go for a walk late in the Kur-Saal gardens. Would you mind," she leaned forward and whispered this, "would you mind saying to Mr. Griffiths that I have heard something that has pained me dreadfully, but I won't believe it—mind you say that—I won't believe it, or even listen to anything they tell me. If I possibly can, I *will* come to the gardens," she added, after a minute's irresolution. "I shall sleep better if I can only hear a denial of everything from his own lips to-night."

And then she drove away, and I had to bear whatever crumb of consolation her message might be supposed to contain, to Bertie.

But I think he knew as well as I did when I repeated it that his hour was come.

## IV.

It was a brilliant moonlight night. No breath of wind stirred the long avenue of lime-trees in the Kur-Saal gardens; no ripple trembled across the little lake beside which Bertie and I stood and waited for Mrs. Howden.

"Will she come, do you think?" he exclaimed, for about the twentieth time, after some passing footstep had aroused and then disappointed his hopes. "Is it likely that she will put herself in the false position of coming to meet me now? or do you suppose compassion, Christian charity will prompt her to come and say a few kind words before she bids me good-by for ever?"

It was singular how utterly his tone had changed during the last few hours. Hitherto, so long as the game seemed ever so little in his favor, he had, as I conceived, been childishly sanguine as to success. Now, and although Ada had as yet said no one word to bid him despair, he seemed to feel a kind of sullen pleasure in classing her with the rest of the world, and speaking of the rupture of their engagement as certain.

"Good faith!" he broke out, when I had said something about trusting to her promise of meeting us. "Good faith—promises! Why, don't you know that she would be perfectly justified in breaking all faith with me now? Of course she would, and 'tis better, far better, that she should not go through the pain of seeing me again. There is no such thing, save in one record, as a prodigal really returning to the bosom of respectability. I have tried hard to do so during the last few weeks, and to-day, you see, was the culminating point of my success. I bore it well, you say? the women's averted looks, the men's silence. *By Heaven!* I would rather—much—finish with my miserable life at once than go through an hour such as that one was to me again. I remember exactly the sensation I felt in the duel I fought for Hesketh, when I had myself fired ineffectually, and stood waiting the result of my opponent's deliberate aim. Well, that was child's play compared to what I went through this afternoon, braving out the cold glances of a dozen men and women, all of whom I know had the undoubted legitimate right to look upon me—God, that I should say it!—as something worse than a coward. That little craven, Hesketh, is the colonel of his regiment now, making speeches at public dinners, in which he alludes to the glories his brave fellows, he at their head, reaped upon Crimean fields, and I—"

A light step fell on the gravel path a few yards behind the bench where we were sitting, and Bertie started nervously to his feet. A minute's pause, as though the walker hesitated whether to proceed or go back, and then a white dress gleamed at the turning of the path, and in another moment Mrs. Howden was beside us.

"We thought, if you came at all, you would come here," I said, as I rose to meet her; I knew Bertie was beyond all commonplace attempts at opening the conversation. "Griffiths says the lake has always been your favorite haunt at this hour of the evening."

She answered—and it did not strike me that her manner was extraordinarily agitated—that it was very good indeed of us to wait for her so long. She would not have been so late but she had had to remain until Mr. and Mrs. Howden had started for Mrs. Gardiner's, where an evening party was to wind up the day's amusement. "I made them believe, with an immense deal of difficulty," she added, "that I was suffering from headache, and would rather be left behind, and as soon as they were fairly gone I took my maid, under pretence of seeing if the air would do me good, and came here. She is waiting for me yonder in the avenue, and I am afraid I shall not be able to stay more than a quarter of an hour;" and she glanced at Griffiths.

"A quarter of an hour is long enough," said Bertie; "long enough for me to hear what you are going to say to me. You'll sit down, won't you?" In spite of himself his voice must grow tender when this woman's eyes were meeting his. "I am afraid it is too much for you, coming here so late, and after all the fatigue and annoyance you have gone through to-day."

She took her place, without speaking, upon the bench where she and Bertie had spent so many solitary forenoons during the last fortnight, and I prepared to depart.

"Please don't go!" cried Mrs. Howden, quickly. "It is getting so late. I think, don't you, Mr. Griffiths, that it is much better we should all keep together?"

I did as she asked me, of course, but I read no good omen in the request. She had never had compunctions about being along with Griffiths a score of times before, and this morning she had promised to become his wife. Possibly Bertie thought as I did, for he never offered to take the place at her side, but remained standing motionless before her, his eyes intently scanning whatever the dim light would let him read of her face, his arms folded, as was his habit when his mind was worst at ease, across his breast.

"Ada," he exclaimed, abruptly, "this is not a time for hesitation or false delicacy; do you want to give me up?"

"To give you up! Oh, Mr. Griffiths, don't talk so dreadfully, please. You know very well you have no cause to do so. Should I," she cast her eyes down, "should I be here now if I meant to give you up—if I believed one word of the horrid things that they told me to-day?"

Bertie was silent. I knew that his heart was greedily, desperately taking in every soft expression of the girlish face, every soft tone of the touching voice, that already, in fact, belonged to him no longer. "Should I be here if I believed what they told me?" Her faith in him, then, was all that held her to him yet! She waited only for his lips to confirm the truth, and then—all would be over between them for ever.

"Ada," and his voice was changed and shaken with passion, "I can't stop to think of conventionalities; I must speak the truth out. I have loved—I love you as very few men love, as no man, I think, ever loves but once in his life. If you married me, I believe the kind of love I should give you might make up for much. Don't you see you are the last—yes, the last hope I have on earth? and you know how desperately we all cherish a hope that comes to us late, and when we have quite ceased to look for happiness of any kind! I don't plead to you—I don't seek to influence you—but I do tell you that I think such a love as mine might make up for a good many of the evils you would have to go through as the wife of a lost and ruined man—even a man as lost, as ruined, as I am!"

In the moonlight I could see the tears rush into Mrs. Howden's dark eyes; her delicate cheeks flushed, her lips began to quiver piteously. "Mr. Griffiths," she cried, in a broken voice, "you know I don't care for your poverty. You know I have not been altered by anything you have told me concerning your past life. All that would be forgotten in the future—only let me hear you deny the things Mrs. Gardiner said about you to-day, and then, while we lived, we would never return to any of those cruel subjects again."

Did the whisper of a sudden fierce temptation come across Bertie's soul? Did it occur to him how easily he might answer her falsely—gain her consent at once to become his wife—win, by a sudden *coup*, the last good thing that life could yet hold out to him—and leave the future and the additional load of guilt on his already heavily-weighted conscience to chance? Whatever his temptation, whatever his determination, I felt that it was not a time in which the presence of any third person could, by possibility, be wanted; and I turned silently, and had already walked some paces away from them, when Bertie's voice called me back.

"It is just as well that there should be a witness to what I have got to say," he remarked, quietly. "If you don't mind stopping, I think it better that you should be here. Now, Ada, I am ready to answer you. Afterwards, if you will, the subject *shall* be sealed between us forever. What is it that you wish me to deny?"

He had become thoroughly calm again now, and I knew that the whole truth was coming: Mrs. Howden's voice grew more and more uncertain.

"What I wish you to deny, Mr. Griffiths?—why, the dreadful story that was whispered about at the pic-nic to-day. Something that Mrs. Gardiner said happened to you in Vienna, you know."

"A good many things happened to me in Vienna. My engagement to Gertrude Wilson, for instance, was broken off there; but I have told you of that already."

"I know. I am not thinking of your engagement. What Mrs. Gardiner spoke of was—was—Mr. Griffiths, the cause that brought your engagement to an end!"

"You mean my being dismissed from the embassy?"

She gave one broken exclamation, half sob, half entreaty, and, turning her face away from him, buried it down between her hands. Bertie went on resolutely.

"Dismissed! I ought to have told you of this before, but somehow whenever I tried to approach it, my lips had not the courage to bring out the truth! I have told you a great deal, you know, Ada, and you forgave it all!"

"Nothing of this kind," she stammered. "I never imagined anything like this. I could have borne anything else!" And Mrs. Howden began to cry.

Griffiths came a step nearer, and bent down over her for full two or three minutes without uttering a syllable.

"Will you look at me, Mrs. Howden?" he said at last. "Just look up into my face while I speak. It is the last request with which I shall seek to trouble you."

She took her handkerchief from her eyes, and turned them up to his. Tear-shedding spoils most women's beauty for the time being; but it had not altered hers. Either her tears were innocuous, or she understood the rare art of allowing them to gather in, but not overflow her eyes. I realized better at that moment than I had ever done before how Bertie's infatuation had been encompassed by the insipid prettiness of Ada's face. It looked so pathetically childish, so fair, so mournful, so thoroughly innocent in the moonlight!

"I will try to do as you wish," Mr. Griffiths, "but indeed—indeed I am too utterly wretched to hold my face up, even to you!" And the soft, hazel eyes filled anew; the parted lips trembled; the little white hands fell clasped in the prettiest, most Greuze-like attitude of despair conceivable in Mrs. Howden's lap.

"Thank you, I shall not trouble you very long. Do you recollect—I think it was one day last week—we were sitting together in this place, and Colonel K—— passed by?"

Yes, Mrs. Howden recollected the circumstance.

"I asked you if you knew his history, and you answered yes. I asked, not without selfish reasons of my own, if it would be possible for you to overlook the past, and to love a man in such a position as his, and you answered yes. Well, I don't want to go into K——'s errors now, or to compare myself to him in any way. I simply wish to recall that question of mine and your reply to your recollection."

Mrs. Howden was silent for a minute, then she faltered out how she had heard that Colonel K—— had been "very extravagant and wild, and so on but never any really serious accusation against him—that was a very different case, as every one would admit—"

"A very different one?" interrupted Bertie, bitterly: "you are right. The man only betrayed his dearest friend, only left a defenceless woman to her despair in the hour when he might have repaired the wrongs that he had wrought! It is a very different case, and yet, knowing his history, you could have overlooked it, and have become his wife if you had loved him. You know mine, and you are going to cast me off"—he never heeded the feeble deprecation of her upraised hands—"forever. Mrs. Howden, you are acting very uprightly indeed. Your friends will applaud you—you will, I doubt not, return thanksgiving to Heaven, night and morning, for the next three months, for the merciful escape that you have had of becoming the wife of a dishonored man. But, before we part, I will just put the truth to you as I see it. It won't alter your position, you know, to listen to me. You need never trouble yourself to think of my words after to-night. But now, just for the very few minutes that we shall pass together in this world, I choose that you shall listen to me. Mrs. Gardiner, I perceive, told you the leading facts of my story. Did she tell you the details of it too?"

Ada Howden's head drooped again.

"Mrs. Gardiner told me more, far more, than I could bear to listen to," she answered.

"Did she tell you of a lad, an ignorant, unsuspicious lad, brought fresh, on his arrival from England, into the society of men of the world, all older and astuter than himself? Did she tell you that this lad (he was not without courage of another kind; he had stood, voluntarily, on his friend Captain Hesketh's behalf, before the fire of one of the best marksmen in Europe) was shrinking, sensitive, timid as a woman regarding the opinion of the world—especially the little, narrow world in which he lived? Well, I dare say she did not tell you all this. What should Mrs. Gardiner—what should any other human being know beyond the bare outside facts of the case? She told you that a youth, Bertie Griffiths by name, did, together with a certain friend of his, in the year 185—, lose sums greater than it was in the power of either of them to pay to several members of the legation and officers in the Austrian service; that, in obedience to his friend's advice, a man twice his age, and who escaped blameless, Bertie Griffiths put his name—unhappily, as it chanced, his uncle's name, too—to bills whose very import he scarcely understood; was suspected, privately tried, and dismissed. Dismissed!—let me speak perfectly plainly—only was saved, through the powerful interest of his family, from becoming a convicted felon. These are the facts. What should Mrs. Gardiner—what should you—know of the unspotted conscience with which the lad was led on into that first unconscious crime? Of his fierce temptation, his horror of disgrace in leaving a debt of honor unpaid, his vacillation, his anguish of remorse when he discovered too late into what crime he had been seduced? What should you know of these things? My God, why do I even speak of them to you now?"

I don't know whether he had dreamed to the last that the eloquence of his suffering might change her—dreamed that at the crowning point of his confession and his misery Ada's compassion would outweigh her prudence, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she would sob out that she loved him still—loved him more for all the misery, all the shame that he had lived through! If he had so dreamed, this moment of awakening must have been black indeed. Ada Howden never spoke, never gave token of any passionate feeling whatsoever, only clasped those pretty little hands of hers tightly together, and glanced hurriedly from right to left, as though hoping for some fortunate accident that might arise to deliver her from all the pain and disappointment that her own poor, selfish, unheroic heart was being called upon to feel.

"I see—you are anxious to go!" cried Griffiths, bitterly; "and I will not detain you. The remainder of my story need not take me three minutes to tell. I was dismissed, Mrs. Howden. At one-and-twenty I was a disgraced, ruined man, as you see me now. My mother—thank God I have this to remember!—my mother never could be brought to believe me guilty; and when she died, years afterwards, love and forgiveness for me were on her lips to the last. My other relations, my own father even, would not hear my name, and only allowed me enough to exist upon, on the express condition that I should never set my foot upon English ground again. If I had gone through years of progressive infamy, I could not have been more wholly lost, more branded, more excommunicated, in their sight, than this one solitary unpremeditated crime had made me. I don't think my people acted worse or better than the majority of people would have done," went on poor Bertie. "It seems a fixed law among men that every criminal shall be forced to walk, until his life ends, along precisely the same path as that into which his feet first went astray. Put into a totally different position—at the age, mind, I was then—I don't believe I should have gone any further to the bad. With my inborn, hereditary thirst for gambling, to throw me upon an unoccupied continental life was simply to confirm the passion that had already been my ruin. You understand me?"

She was silent a moment, then murmured something about her belief that every man had the means of redemption in his own heart, if he chose.

"Ah!" said Bertie, gently, "that is your belief—the belief of a white soul!—and I like to hear it from your lips. Now, for me, I believe that a man becomes inevitably what all the rest of the world agrees to consider him. For more than eleven years I have been looked upon as a blackguard—to all intents and purposes, I have become one; and yet—yet, Ada, this one good thing, this one remnant of my old nature has been left to me—I have been able still to crave after a better life than that to which I have sunk, able at rare intervals to believe in the possibility of my returning to it. During the last three weeks this dream has been realized, for I have loved you. Don't grudge this short time to me. For you, entering upon life, sure of being loved by some worthier man than me, three weeks is but a short space to lose; for me, who have done with life, who from this night on will have nothing either to lose or hope, three weeks of happiness is an enormous thing to have gained. And I have been quite happy, you know! I have blinded my reason successfully; I have believed every one of your words, every smile, every look that you have given me. I am not quite sure which gains the most by your resolution of giving me up. * * * * If you had married me, I should have been your slave; and women, as a rule, love longest when slavery and humility are not upon their husband's side. As it is, I have nothing but goodwill to feel towards you. You have given me three weeks of perfect happiness, to which, as long as I live, I shall look back with gratitude. Ada, good-bye!"

And then I thought that she was going to soften. She started to her feet. She let Bertie hold her hands in his, she held her white face up, perilously close to his lips. Had she been a better woman, or a worse one, had she possessed a little more of the love that casts out fear, or a little less of really honest desire to cleave to the right, I believe that the conflict then passing through her heart must have ended in Bertie's favor; but Ada Howden was too morally feeble either to ascend or to fall very far. She had considered herself sincerely in love with Bertie Griffiths, and in her inmost heart had rather liked him better, as children like forbidden sweets, for his not untarnished reputation. Her first husband had been a very serious young officer of engineers, and she had never felt quite sure that his seriousness had not wearied her, and that it would not be a great deal more enlivening to have something to work upon and convert, as in Bertie; but to marry a man who had committed what the whole world considers a dishonorable action—to know that every one would have a right to look down upon and pity her, that if she went to London some of her own acquaintance probably would ask her to dinner, that her cousin Susan (married to the member for N——) would perhaps refuse to visit her any longer—these were sacrifices for which Mrs. Howden's love did not arm her. She was very sincerely agitated, and very sincerely sorry for her own disappointment, conscious also, dimly, that this poor outcast Bertie—misdeeds included—was much more what she could have loved than any of the honest men she had ever been thrown with in her life before. This was all. In her weakness was her strength. She softened, she wept, she held his hands in hers, but she never once vacillated in the course which, before she met him, she had laid down as the wise and fitting one for her to pursue.

"My heart will break, Mr. Griffiths; I am quite sure it will. I never went through such dreadful trouble before since I was born. Oh, I wish that I was stronger, and could say and do the thing that is right!"

"You are giving me up. Don't you feel that you are doing what is right?"

"You are very cruel, Mr. Griffiths."

"Cruel!" He caught her suddenly to his breast; he covered her cheek, her forehead, with his kisses. "You'll never be loved as I would have loved you, Ada—never; but you are acting rightly. If I could, I would not bind you at this moment to my miserable life. Only, don't forget me. Ada, my darling, don't forget me! When you marry—when some day you have children's faces round you—don't forget me! 'Twill keep me from the blackest of all despair, to believe that, whatever happiness, you will think of me still."

She promised him, fervently, as people who remember nothing deeply generally do promise; and then I knew that the last moment, the wrench of the final leave-taking, had indeed come, and I walked away from them.

When I returned, Bertie was alone, seated upon the bench, quite calm and composed, and turning over mechanically between his fingers a little primrose-colored glove, which I suppose Ada had either forgotten or given to him at parting.

"Can I do anything for you in Homburg?" he asked, as he rose and joined me. "I shall go off to-morrow by the first train. My luck in Wiesbaden is up. How chill the air feels," he added, with a sort of shudder. "Let us turn into the Kur-Saal for a while on our way home."

He played at roulette till midnight, losing, almost without variation, the whole evening; then, for the first time, Bertie Griffiths shook my hand, and we bade each other farewell.

I never saw him again after that night. Early in last July, I read in the papers the announcement with which this little sketch is headed, and a few weeks ago I accidentally gathered the brief details of his death from an army surgeon, a countryman of my own, who serves the Emperor Francis Joseph. Bertie Griffiths volunteered, at the commencement of the war, into one of the Austrian regiments then on active service, and was found, shot through the heart, among the foremost heaps of slain upon the field of Koniggratz.

A woman's glove was hid away in his breast, and they let it rest there when they buried him.

☞ The last place to look for the milk of human kindness is in the pale of civilization.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull; about 4000 bbls sold, in lots, to the retailers and bakers at $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@10,50 for extra; $11,50@13 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $12,50@14 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14,50@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7,25.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. Small sales of Penna red at $2,70@3,10; 5000 bus Southern do at $3@3,25. Rye; 5000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,35@1,40 ₩ bus. Corn; 65,000 bus new yellow sold at 97c@$1 for Penna; 95c@$1 for Southern do, and $1 for white. Oats; 20,000 bus sold at 57@59c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is more doing. 400 bbls of new mess Pork sold at $22. Bacon continues quiet. Sales of plain and fancy bagged Hams at 15@18c; Sides at 12@12½c. Pickled Hams sell at 13@13½c, and salt Shoulders at 8½@9c ₩ lb. Lard sells at 13@13c ₩ lb for prime in bbls and tcs. Dressed Hogs are selling at $7@8,25 ₩ 100 lbs. Mess Beef sells in lots at $16@20 for western, and $20@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Butter—Sales are making at 30@35c for roll, 30@33c for dairy, and 18@30c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 18@20c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 45@48c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The demand is limited. About 800 bales of middlings sold in lots at 34@34½c for Uplands, and 35@35½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron—The last sale of 1st No. 1 was at $33 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Cargo sales are reported at $5@5,25 for white ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton for red ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at 50@55c, and choice at 57½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $4@7 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—Sales of 100,000 lbs at from 8@12c ₩ lb, as to quality. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 14@16c, halves at 17@20c, and pared at from 30@37c ₩ lb.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Clover-seed sells at $7,75@8,75; Timothy at $3,75@4, and Flaxseed at $2,00@2,05 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,75@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are reported at at 11@11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull. About 60,000 pounds sold at from 32@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@57c for fine; 50@52c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 45@55c for tub washed; 40@45c for extra Western pulled, and 30@31c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½ cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $8,50@9,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

### Couldn't do Himself Justice.

A colored man who had stuck to the rebel army of Gen. Hood through thick and thin, was in high hopes of being able to march into Nashville and pay his respects to a lady who belonged to the upper crust of the colored society; and when he discovered that the besieging army was retreating, he determined to break through the lines and throw himself upon the mercy of the cruel Yankees. He presented himself to Gen. Thomas, hat in hand, and standing very straight.

"Where are you from?" inquired the general.

"Fse jest from the army, sah."

"What army?"

"Mr. Hood's army, sah."

"Where is Mr. Hood now?"

"He's leavin', sah; he's leavin'."

"Ha! I thought Mr. Hood, as you call him, was coming into Nashville."

*"No, sah; Mr. Hood thinks he can't do himself justice in Nashville!"*

☞ An effort is to be made in the present session of the Maine Legislature to prevent the sale of liquors by the druggists as medicine, even when prescribed by physicians.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. feb2-1f

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all these cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."
DR. B. C. PERRY,

Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 812 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; *moles, worts and warts* permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec22-3m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Long life is best secured by carefully regulating the functions of digestion, circulation, secretion and excretion, and as this medicine acts upon the stomach, liver, blood and bowels, it may be justly called a life-lengthening curative. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HARRY T. BOND to Miss HATTIE T. WALTON, both of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. F. S. Henson, ELIJAH G. MIFFLIN, of Goshen, Pa., to SALLIE J., daughter of the late John T. Hoopes, of Phila.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. J. B. Maddock, Mr. FULGENI GUYON to Miss MARY NORRIS, both of this city.

On the 6th of June last, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, JAMES H. DONNELLY to Miss MARY E. ROYCE, both of this city.

On the 13th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE TOWNES to Miss SUSAN R. BURRLE, of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, JACOB ROHER to Miss MALINDA MAGARGEE, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Jan., Mrs. ELIZABETH COUNTRYMAN, in her 74th year.

On the 21st of Jan., Miss SARAH PYSON, of Milford, Del., aged 63 years.

On the 21st of Jan., Mr. JOEL HALLOWELL, in his 83d year.

On the 20th of Jan., ELIZABETH MARTIN, in her 79th year.

On the 20th of Jan., ELIZABETH G., wife of Wm. R. Pearce, in her 47th year.

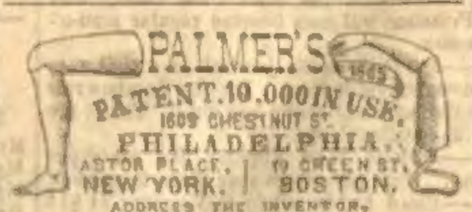
On the 20th of Jan., THEODORE A. NIXON, in his 20th year.

On the 19th of Jan., Mrs. HARRIET A. MYERS, in her 74th year.

On the 19th of Jan., Mr. WILLIAM LOEVER, aged 53 years.

On the 18th of Jan., EUGENE H. COWPERTHWAITE, aged 28 years.

☞ Count Bismarck has warned the Lutheran Consistory at Frankfort against allowing its ministers to attack the Government in their sermons.




These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

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HISTORY OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR,

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### A HEAVY BEARD

In five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

$50 PER DAY MADE WITH EASE.—Male and female agents wanted to sell the most desirable article ever invented. Just patented. Can be sold readily for $5. Sample sent free for 25 cents. DALY & CO., 480 Broadway, New York. County rights for sale. jan26-2t

## Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

## THE HERALD OF HEALTH
AND
## JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

This is a Monthly Magazine of Fifty six pages, devoted to the Physical Improvement and development of the race.

IT WILL TEACH the Laws which govern the physical organization of Man, and how to obey them.

IT WILL TEACH the Causes of Disease, how to avoid them, and the best and safest method of treatment, by the use of agents which do not impair the vitality of the tissues.

IT WILL TEACH how Children should be born and reared, so that they may become perfect Men and Women.

IT WILL TEACH the Structure and Functions of every organ in the body, and the best method of keeping them in a healthy condition.

IT WILL TEACH the principles of Hygiene, Hydropathy, of Swedish Movement Cure.

IT WILL TEACH what is the natural food for man and how it should be prepared.

IT WILL CONTAIN articles upon Bathing and Clothing, upon Exercise, Rest, and Sleep, upon Recreation, Amusements, and Social Enjoyments, upon Education, Topics of the Month, Home Treatment of Disease, Answers to Correspondents, and upon all subjects calculated to improve the condition, and promote the happiness of mankind.

EACH NO. FOR 1867, WILL CONTAIN AN ARTICLE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER'S UPON SUBJECTS RELATING TO HEALTH.

DIO LEWIS, HORACE GREELEY, O. B. FROTHINGHAM, DR. BELLOWS, and many other of the best writers of the age will contribute to its columns.

The articles in Jan. No. on

**"Human Development,"**
BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.
OR
**"The Sacredness of the Body,"**
BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM,
and
**"How to Train up a Child,"**
BY L. N. FOWLER,

are well worth a year's subscription.

The February No. contains

**Health Laws and their Penalties.**
(H. W. BEECHER.)
**Sources of Muscular Power.**
(PROF. R. KING BROWNE.)
**Buildings for the Poor.**
(HORACE GREELEY.)
**Body and Brain.**
(PROF. NELSON SIZER.)
**How to Bathe.**
(E. P. MILLER, M. D.)
**Memory and How to Improve it.**
(L. N. FOWLER.)

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An editor of "The Massachusetts Teacher" says: "I have read your 'Herald of Health' for years, and think it one of the most sensible and useful Magazines in the United States. You are doing good, and may God bless you." W. E. SHELDON.
"Principal Hancock School, Boston.

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EVERYBODY WANTS IT, FOR IT TEACHES HOW TO LIVE AND SECURE A PERFECT LIFE.

Agents wanted in every neighborhood. Price $2.00 a year; 20 cents a Number. For 30 subscribers and $60 00, we give a premium of Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing Machine, worth $55.

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## HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms, And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

**HALF THE COST**

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

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Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

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333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-1f

**$30,000.**
FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.
Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
jan12-13t

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp,
MRS. M. MERRITT,
P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec5-10t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

**The Great Strengthening Tonic**
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
## HOOFLAND'S
## GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
**Debility! Debility!**
Resulting from any cause whatever.

H
**PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM**
INDUCED BY
**Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.**
OR
## DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O
## DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
## HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O
We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and
**WILL PAY $1,000**
to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

## HOOFLAND'S
## GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
**Chronic or Nervous Debility**
AND
## DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F
Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L
REMEMBER,
*That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.*

## READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A
[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrick, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRICK.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial to the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
908 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church;
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Fogerton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D
**Beware of Counterfeits!**
☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.
☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the articles, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send them, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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**No. 631 ARCH STREET,**
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## JONES & EVANS,
[*Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.*]
**Proprietors.**

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 17-eowly

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
## LOCK STITCH
## SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
**Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.**

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

**No. 1 Machine, with**

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| Plain Table, | $55 |
| Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, | 60 |
| Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 65 |

**No. 2 Machine, with**

| | |
|---|---|
| Waxed Black Walnut Table, | $65 |
| Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, | 72 |
| Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 75 |
| Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 80 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 95 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, | 100 |
| Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 100 |

**No. 3 Machine, with**

| | |
|---|---|
| Polished Table, | $75 |
| Half Case, Oiled Walnut, | 82 |
| Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 86 |
| Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 90 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, | 105 |
| Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, | 110 |
| Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, | 110 |

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see *Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MAIL TRAIN | at 8.00 | A.M. |
| PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00 | | |
| | A.M. & 11.30 | P.M. |
| FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS | at 12.00 | M. |
| PARKESBURG TRAIN | " 7.00 | P.M. |
| HARRISBURG ACCOM. | " 2.30 | " |
| LANCASTER ACCOM. | " 4.00 | " |
| PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL | " 9.00 | " |
| PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS | " 11.00 | " |

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 3.10 P.M.

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Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CINCINNATI EXPRESS | at 12.50 | A.M. |
| PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS | " 7.10 | " |
| PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20 | | |
| | A.M. & 7.10 | P.M. |
| PARKESBURG TRAIN | at 9.20 | A.M. |
| LANCASTER TRAIN | " 12.40 | P.M. |
| FAST LINE | " 1.20 | " |
| DAY EXPRESS | " 5.50 | " |
| HARRISBURG ACCOM. | " 9.50 | " |

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.30 A.M., and Williamsport at 9.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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THE HEAD OF A COMET,

according to Milton, is rendered tenfold more terrible by its

**"HORRID HAIR,"**

and there are thousands of fiery human heads which might be rendered charming by simply changing their tint to a mellow brown, or a perfectly natural black with

## CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

It is ridiculous to carry into society a grey, sandy or carroty head, when five minutes would render it as attractive as Nature could have made it in her happiest mood.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.
feb2-eow2t

## ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLENTOWN, PENN., April 4, 1865.

MESSRS. T. ALLCOCK & CO.:

*Dear Sirs:*—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly,
JOHN Y. N. HUNTER.

We refer to the
**Forty Thousand Druggists**
who sell our Plasters, as to their high sterling character.

ALLCOCK & CO., Agency, Brandreth House, New York.
Sold by all Druggists. feb2-eow2t

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Accidents of Speech.

Pat has long labored under the imputation of making more "accidents" with the tongue than any of his fellow mortals, but it can be very readily shown that the "bull" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Callon, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, as follows: "My dear friend—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray, send it to me, if you find it. Yours, Callon.—P. S. Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

"It is said of this same character, that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs without accident, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark as at first.

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no earmarks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

At a prayer-meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard, and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door,—"No gentleman admitted unless he comes hisself."

An American lecturer of note solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

A Western editor once wrote: "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era. We answer, it did."

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that state grew so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement was only equalled by that of the hoosier who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them.

Those two observing men, one of whom said that he had always noticed when he lived through the month of May he lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding that he had remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen.

### Hans Breitmann's Party.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—dey had biano blayin'; I fell'd in lofe mit a Mexican frau—her name was Madilda Yane. She hat haar as prown as a pretzel bun, her eyes were himmal plue; und ven she looket indo mein, she shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—I vent dere you'll pe pound; I valzet mit Madilda Yane, und vent shpinnen roundt und roundt. De pootiest fraulein in de house, she vayed pout doo hoondert pound; und every dimes she makes a joomp, you hear de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; I dells you it cost him dear. Dey rollt in more as sefen kecks of foost rate lager bier; und venefer dey knocks dr shplickets in, de Deutschers gifes a cheer. I dinks dat so vine a barty nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; dere all vas saus und braus; ven de cooper comed in, de gompany did make demselfs to house. Dey ate das brod und gansebrust, die bratwurst und braten fine; und vash de abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckar-wein.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; ve all got troonk as nigs. I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier, und schwallowed him oop mit a schwigs. Und denn I giesed Madilda Yane, und she shlog me on de kop; und de gompany fited mit daplelecks dill de gonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—vhere is dat barty now? Vhere is de lofely golden cloudt dat float on de moondain's prow? Vhere is de himmelstrahlende stern; de star of de shtirrit's light? All goned afay mid de lager bier—afay in de Ewigkeit!

### Parcel of Proverbs.

If the cap fits, wear it—out.

Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!

Fain heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.

Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.

The best of friends must part—their hair.

Any port in a storm—but old port preferred.

One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.

Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

YOUNG AMERICA SURPASSED.—One of our friends was recently blessed by an addition to his household, which came "like a thief in the night." The next morning the happy father took his four-year-old boy to the upper room, to see the little brother, who, having never perused Catlin's work—"Keep Your Mouth Shut,"—was quietly enjoying his first morning nap with his little mouth open. All were quietly watching the elder brother, and desirous to catch his first observation. With eyes firmly fixed at the new comer, and with a countenance showing trouble within, after a few moments of silence, he defiantly exclaimed, "I should like to know who pulled out the baby's teeth."—*Boston Transcript.*

A HAPPY REJOINDER.—At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor in one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator, "and know you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

☞ Dogs are like Joe Miller, because they furnish wags with their tales.

SHARP---RATHER!

FIRST BOY.—"I say, Bill, what 's yer got in that wallet?"
SECOND BOY.—"How d' yer know my name was Bill?"
FIRST BOY.—"Oh, guessed it."
SECOND BOY.—"Then you may guess what's in this 'ere wallet!"

### MY RIVAL.

My rival has great midnight eyes;
  She makes them speak when she is still.
They laugh, they dance, they mock, they pray,
And with true hearts they falsely play.
  Sweet luring eyes, be still, be still!
  My eyes are only gray.

My rival has black lustrous hair;
  She binds its ripples like a crown
Upon her forehead queenly fair,
And prisons hearts in meshes rare
  With willful ringlets straying down.
  My hair is only brown.

My rival has a dazzling grace,
  And witching ways to win her will;
She meets the world with sweet bright face,
Yet only seems to work it ill;
  But, ah! with such a dazzling grace!
  While I am shy and still.

When the knight comes, the chevalier,
  The one that's worshipped of us two,
He meets her jest with merrier jest,
Gives glove or flower at her behest,
  Somewhat more cold than others do;
  Then me comes straight unto.

He says my hair is soft bright brown,
  He says my eyes are honest gray,
And in his own sweet love leap high.
I am his darling, only I,
  Who some day he will bear away,
  And pass my rival by.

☞ A society has been formed in Paris, consisting of twelve individuals who are to meet twice a month, at dinner, in order to improve and perfect the science of eating to the utmost possible point. The experiments made at these banquets will, it is to be hoped, be communicated to the less knowing public. *Le dinar des gourmets*, as the meetings of the club are to be called, have already excited much curiosity.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STALLS AND STABLES.

More thought, care, philosophy, and practical common sense are needed in the construction and general economy of our cattle stalls and stables. It is not that we do not in reality know better, but that in too many instances we do not think of what we know, that our stabled cattle are the first, and ourselves secondary sufferers in consequence of our not thinking of, and putting in practice for their benefit and our own what we do actually know.

Now there are not four farmers in every five hundred who do not know that a stable with a low, leaky, level floor, lying flat on the ground, allowing the liquid excrement to leak through every joint, losing the most valuable portion of the manure, saturating the soil underneath with material that in a little time becomes offensively odorous, and a standing source of disease—every farmer knows that such a stable is not a suitable place to house the cattle of Christians in.

Not much better is the low, damp, ill ventilated stable in which cattle steam like a hot stew, the low ceiling of joists, rails or boards it may be, covered a foot in depth with refuse hay or straw to keep the cattle warm and comfortable—absorbing all the noxious volatile exhalations from them, and remaining unchanged year after year—in several instances that we know of, until literally rotted into muck. There is not one of us who does not know that such conditions as these are in no sense conducive to the health and comfort of stabled stock; and where we find a combination of them as we do by far too frequently, we find the active elements of all sorts of cattle diseases accumulating overhead, and a mine of absolute death under foot. Oh, yes—every one of us knows better than to permit and perpetuate such conditions: only the trouble is we do not happen to think quite earnestly and resolutely enough of what we know.

A good many other instances we have seen the present winter, where cattle are tied up in skeleton stalls, in stables that are much like Jack Straw's house—neither wind or water tight. Great cracks and rents, letting in northeast storms and northwest winter winds—scorching, cold and biting, the poor tied animals perforce obliged to bear it all, while the thoughtless proprietor wonders why with stabling and reasonable feed his stock begins already to grow thin since coming in from grass.

*Stabling!* Why, give them their out-door liberty, and every animal stabled in such a hut would find for itself better shelter by cuddling to leeward and putting both sides of the stable between itself and the storm. Please remember, fellow-farmers, that there are more than two months of winter weather before us, and many storms and biting blasts to be met before our stock go out again to grass. Turn the thought to good account by fencing out wind and storm. Head off the nor'westers by battening them out. Just let them in upon our tied-up stock, as too many of us do heedlessly, and they will feed off flesh faster than we can feed it on, and in spite of us our cattle will come out in April "spring poor." A day or two spent now in tinkering around the stables will pay from fifty to five hundred per cent. in feed and flesh between this day and the first of April.

As to stalls—we have seen lately in one neighborhood up in the mountain farm regions of Pennsylvania, three instances of what appears to us to be comfortable, common sense stalls for cattle. The stalls are wide enough to admit of the animals' turning in them, the sides closely boarded up, the floor, a dais, raised seven or eight inches above that of the passageway in the rear, with an outward pitch of about three inches in the length of the stall, the entrance of each closed with two leaved folding-doors opening inwards. There are no rings, stanchions or any tying or fastening by the head. No animal not absolutely a fool will ever stand, head down hill, and always, in every instance, we found the cattle in these stalls, standing "right end up," well up to the rack, and as clean and comfortable as animals ever need be.

As all bovine animals have their little itches and inconveniences to attend to as well as ourselves, and would be better for the use of their tongue with which they can reach nearly every part of their bodies, this freedom of the stall seems to be a very good common sense arrangement, besides providing comfortable quarters in all cold, stormy weather. The stalls need not be expensive, being all made of rough material, and a sufficient opening above the folding-doors affords free ventilation.

AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

There is not a more foolish error run into on earth than that of city-born and bred people imagining that all men, women, girls, boys, and little children of country birth, breeding and citizenship, are wanting in wit and intelligence. "Country clown"—"gawky"—"clod-hopper"—"awkward country girl"—"cow-driver," etc., etc., are epithets that frequently enough we hear applied with a senseless sneer and supercilious turn-up of the nose by city imbeciles to country people. If the order of slang silliness was reversed and applied by those of the rural regions to city folks there would be infinitely more sense in it.

Country people are no more born fools than they of the city, and having in the rural regions fewer public and private schools for all manner of scandalous vice and wickedness, the children of the country begin to learn wisdom as a rule as early as city children do folly, and being equally apt students in opposite directions, any time after about the tenth year, epithets coming from the other side would cover and carry more of truth. But the people of the country are too intelligent and well-bred to stoop to such silly slang.

We are gathering from all corners of our country and from some corners over east, among our European agriculturists, photographs of agricultural publishers, editors, writers, farmers, dairymen, horticulturists, their wives, daughters and sons, and being firm in the faith that facial features are true indexes of soul, we challenge the possessor of any photographic collection anywhere to exhibit an equal amount of intelligence, manhood, and womanly grace and beauty, in an equal number of pictures.

We invite photographic favors from all our farmer friends, their wives, sons and daughters, and to the first of our Pennsylvania agricultural institutions, public or private—college, society, or publisher, who will prepare a suitable receptacle, and a position worthy of such guests, we will present our Agricultural Family, making a collection that any institution, community, or state may justly feel proud of.

HARDENING UP YOUNG WOOD.

We are among the minority who believe and argue that the longer season of uninterrupted growth a tree or shrub has, the more perfectly it finishes up its year's growth, and the better it hardens its young wood against winter severities. Where early frosts and premature cold snaps interfere with the growth and ripening of wood, delaying the finishing process until consecutive cold sets in, reason and common sense seem to say that such wood is in no safe condition to carry life and vigor safely through the vicissitudes and severities of winter. As in all this midland region, our fruit trees had during the past fall unexampled opportunities of finishing up growth and preparing for winter, we shall see next summer what evidence they have to offer for or against our minority report.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——Texas is filling up faster with the right sort of agricultural emigrants than any country ever was before with any sort of humanity.

——The city of Berlin, Prussia, has slaughtered and sold for food 3,000 horses in five months. Add "hard tack" to their "Old Hoss," and the Prussians will soon become regular man-of-wars-men.

——An Indianapolis journal says that rats are overrunning Indiana. Let the Hoosiers run over the rats and "stamp 'em out." That's the way to equalize things.

——Pork in West Virginia five cents per pound. Good plan to go over there to market.

——Baled hay is selling in Vermont at $14 per ton. Loose hay in Philadelphia brings $29. Light crops last year, and plenty of hay both ways.

——Everybody's cattle and horses gone astray in Iowa this winter. *Iowa Homestead* says so. Never saw any other homestead have so many horses, cows, steers, and heifers.

——Good farms in some sections of Alabama are selling just now for $1 per acre. Pennsylvania has some land worth one cent an acre.

——The cattle plague is slaughtering stock in Holland again fast; but the Netherlanders are fighting it bravely.

——Nevada City is built over a gold mine. Nevadians are digging cellars 140 feet deep.

## RECEIPTS.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. plums, 1 lb. suet, ½ lb. moist sugar, ½ lb. treacle, 1 carrot grated, 1 pint milk; spices to taste. To be boiled five hours.

SOYER'S NEW PLUM PUDDING.—This recipe, if closely followed, would, at this season of the year, save tons of fruit and other expensive ingredients, which are partly wasted for the want of knowing how to turn them to the best advantage. This pudding will not cost more than 2s. 4d., and will be found sufficient for eight persons. Carefully prepare the following, previous to mixing the pudding:—Four ounces of stoned raisins, four ounces of sultanas, half a pound of well-cleaned currants, half a pound of beef suet chopped fine, two ounces of powdered white sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pound of bread crumbs, twelve bitter almonds blanched, chopped small, half a nutmeg grated, two ounces of candied citron, the peel of half a small lemon chopped fine, separately, put in a basin, break over four eggs, and add half a gill of brandy. Mix these all well the evening before wanted, cover over till the morning, and when all is prepared, add half a gill of milk, again well stir your pudding; slightly butter a cloth, sprinkle a little flour over, put it in basin, pour in the mixture, tie your cloth in the usual way, not too tight; put in half a gallon of boiling water, add more now and then if required; let it simmer two hours and thirty minutes, turn out of cloth, and serve on a hot dish. Serve plain, if preferred, or with the sauce only. After which, when at the dining-room door, pour round a gill of either brandy or rum, which set on fire with a piece of paper; place the dish on the table, let burn half a minute, and pour the following sauce over from the sauce-boat; after which cut seven or eight slices from the pudding crossways, or according to number, when help, and served very hot. The sauce I prefer with it is as follows:—Make half a pint of ordinary plain melted butter, rather thick, add to it two teaspoonsful of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a pat of butter; stir quick, pour over your pudding when very hot, or serve the sauce separate in a sauce-boat. Though the above pudding is not very expensive, it requires a little time and attention to do it properly; and well will be repaid the housewife who will take the trouble, as above described.—Note. In the event of some of the ingredients, such as almonds, candied orange or lemon peel, not being obtainable in some country places, the pudding will still be good, although not so delicate in flavor.—*Soyer's New Year and Old Christmas Gift.*

OLD POTATOES must be well washed before peeling, and in two waters afterwards, but both immediately before *steaming;* by steaming them *generally* an hour, they are never sodden or waxy, unless the potatoes are really bad, then no mode of cooking will avail. Salt must be sprinkled on them when put on to steam, *always over boiling water.*

FRIED POTATOES, SLICED.—These must be cut the round way of the potato, not lengthways, be rolled in flour, and fried *in boiling bacon fat* or dripping. A small fish-kettle with a drainer makes an excellent frying-pan for potatoes. Have as much boiling fat in the bottom as will *cover* the drainer and potatoes, place the slices regularly in the drainer, plunge it into the boiling fat, and let them remain a few minutes till brown, then lift the drainer, place the slices on some paper to absorb the fat, then serve them in a very hot dish.

POTATO BALLS.—Take some boiled potatoes when cold, mash three breakfast cupsful, mix a little bacon fat or butter, some pepper, salt, and an onion finely minced, add a cupful of minced meat, and mix all together with an egg well beaten, roll them into balls, flour them well, and fry in *boiling fat.*

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor old tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

A PORK PIE.—Put into a stew-pan 6 oz. of lard, with a teacupful of cold water; let it stand by the fire till boiling, then put it to 1 lb. of flour. Mix it well with a spoon till cool enough to raise. When you have raised your pies let them stand for half an hour before you put in your meat; put on your cover, and ornament to your fancy. To prepare the meat, cut up your pork to about the size of dice, add pepper and salt to your taste (but take care that the pepper be equally distributed), add one tablespoonful water to each pound of meat. One pound of flour will bake three good-sized pies. They require three hours' baking in a very moderate oven.

SCOTCH CAKES.—¼ lb. of flour, 3 oz. of butter, 3 oz. of lump sugar, sal ammonia about the size of a hazel-nut; warm the butter in a little milk, and mix the whole into a stiff paste. Cut into small rounds, and bake in a cool oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—Beat together ½ lb. of butter and ½ lb. of sugar, mix with them half a pint of molasses, half a teacupful of ginger, and 1½ lb. of flour.

GINGERBREAD.—Mix together 3½ lbs. of flour, ½ lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, one pint of molasses, ½ lb. of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 6, 12, 1, 18, 2, 5, 1, 21, is a luminary.
My 6, 12, 2, 16, is a drink.
My 5, 15, 25, is a kind of feast.
My 3, 5, 14, 19, 15, 18, is a Roman title.
My 26, 15, 4, 9, 1, 3, 1, 12, is a kind of light.
My 7, 15, is a command.
My 24, 5, 2, 5, 3, is a small vessel.
My 17, 21, 1, 13, 20, 26, is a mineral.
My 25, 20, 20, 15, 9, is a metal.
My 23, 9, 12, 11, is to wither.
My 22, is a letter in the alphabet.
My 10, 1, 16, 5, 5, 20, 8, was the eldest son of Noah.

My whole is what should be impressed upon the mind of every child and always be remembered by them. A. M. C.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a fowl.
My 4, 5, 7, is a grain.
My 6, 2, 8, 9, 4, is a boy's name.
My 17, 14, 13, 16, 5, is sweet.
My 11, 1, 7, 4, 10, 5, is a drink.
My 1, 18, 10, 11, 9, is an animal.
My 15, 12, 11, 2, is part of the face.

My whole are the publishers of the best weekly in the United States. E. F. H.

### Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a hawk, a kite and a pigeon at Philadelphia, and an eagle 360 miles due *south* of Philadelphia. Suppose they all commence flying at the same instant; the hawk flying due east at the rate of 64 miles an hour; the kite flying due north at the rate of 48 miles an hour, and the pigeon flying due west at the rate of 36 miles an hour. The eagle flies directly towards the hawk continually until he catches it, at the rate of 96 miles an hour; then flies directly towards the kite at the same rate until he overtakes it; and then flies directly towards the pigeon, with the same speed, until he comes up with it.

Required—the distance the eagle must fly to catch the three birds.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How long will it require to travel, at five miles an hour, across an area of 256,000 acres, so laid out that the longest distance across shall be the shortest possible to contain the given area? W. H. MORROW.
☞ An answer is requested.

### Spherical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pack 2470 alike spheres into a four-sided pyramid, in the least possible space, and tell me the number of spheres in the case, and number of layers in the pyramid. AUGUSTUS.
☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ What is that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Ans.—A noise.

☞ Why is a cat like a sentence? Ans.—Because it has both paws and claws.

☞ When is a ship not on the water? Ans.—When it's on *fire.*

☞ Why are swallows like a leap over head and heels? Ans.—Because they are a summer-set.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—William Starke Rosecrans. CHARADE—Chicago. (Sby-ca-go.) DOUBLE REBUS—Kenilworth, Amy Robsart. (Kama or Kamadeva, Em, Newbury, Inheritor, Lodovico, Web, Olympus, Ruin Bags, Tenor, Hop-o'-my-Thumb.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Nov. 17—3 feet per second. Morgan Stevens.

### Accommodating.

In the wild Western neighborhood the sound of a church-going bell had never been heard; notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A———, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that "preaching" was something to be heard, and all attended to hear it.

After the service had begun, a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail-keg without either head. The current thoughts of the preacher led him into a description of Heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, apostles and prophets his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed upon the highest point, and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest attitude of the heavenly places, he said—

"And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles? Where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?"

Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes upon our hero of the rifle. He, therefore, thinking the address personal, rose instantly and replied—

"If he can't do no better he can take my seat."

It is needless to say that climax was never reached.

☞ Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed, for a long time, on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depth, while versatility skims the surface of the sea of speculation; while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.